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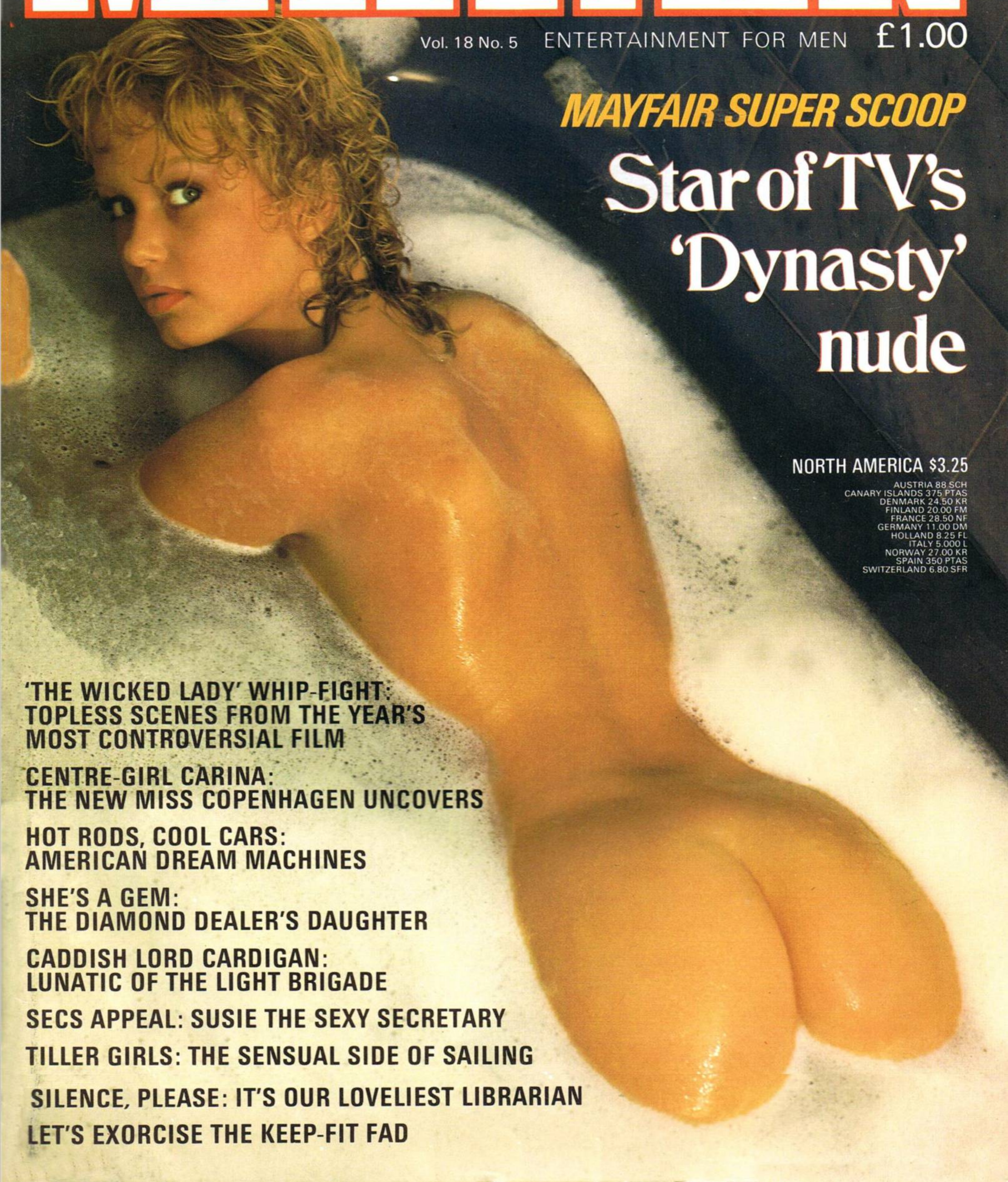

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LET'S EXORCISE THE KEEP-FIT FAD

Cover: Model, Carina Jensen; photographed by Michael Ancher. Stop Press: Since preparing our centre pages we have learned that Carina has won the Miss Copenhagen title.

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Hot rods, page 60.

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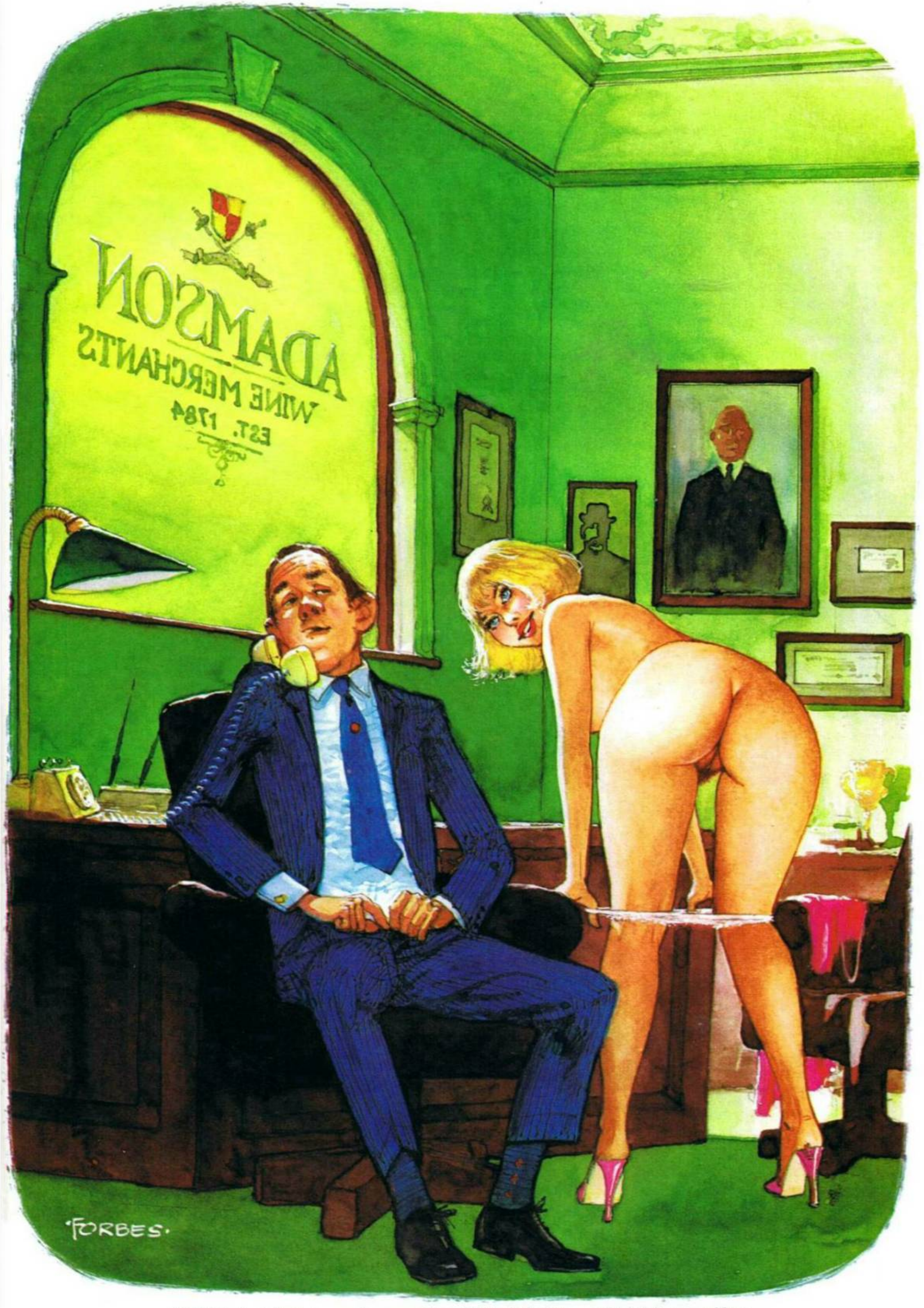
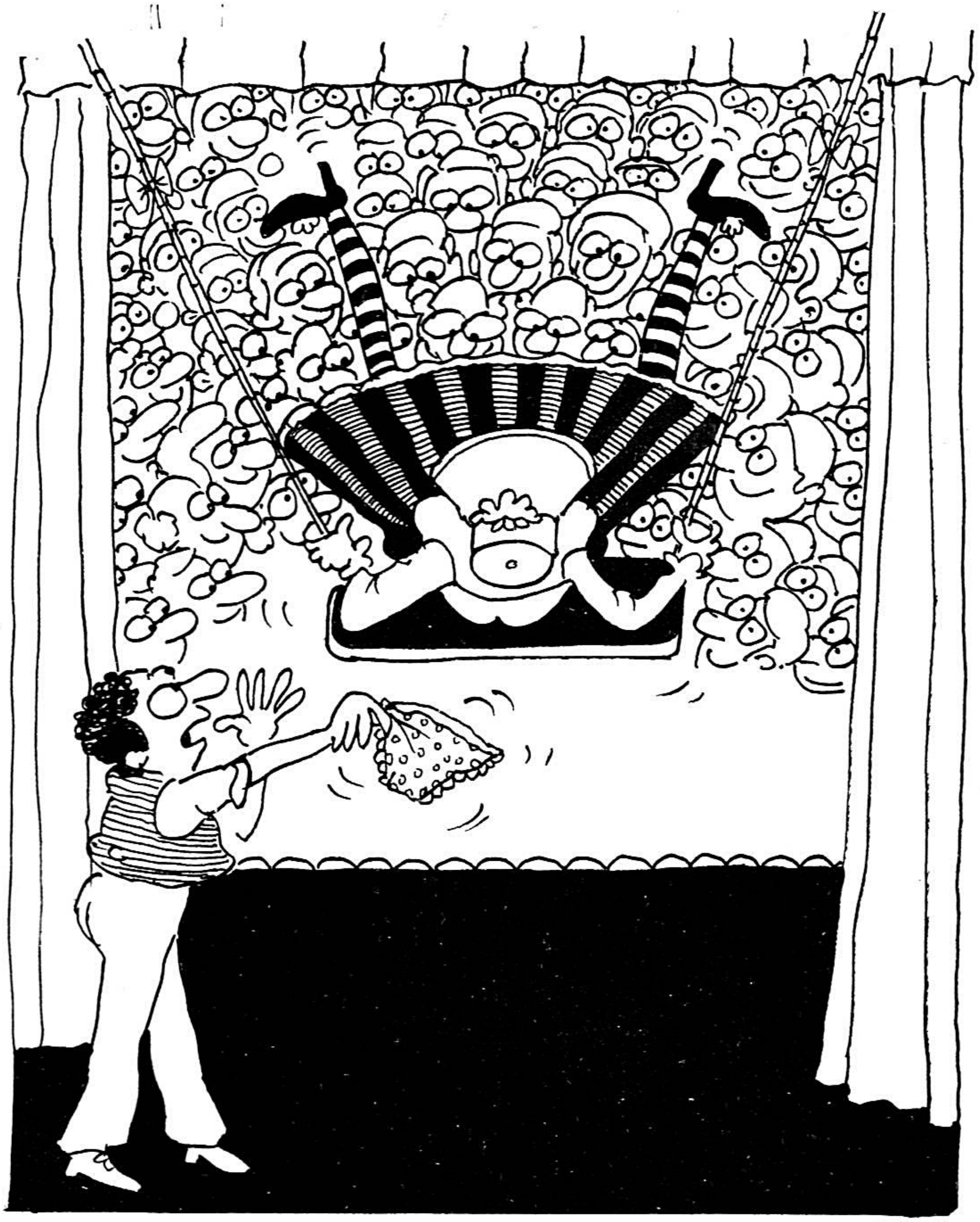

ADAMSON
WINE MERCHANTS
EST. 1784
FORBES

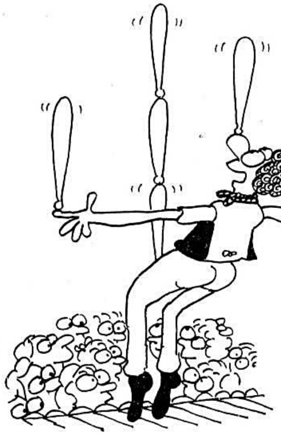
'Me? Oh, just about to sample a promising, full-bodied white . . . which I discovered here in London, and which has matured very nicely indeed.'

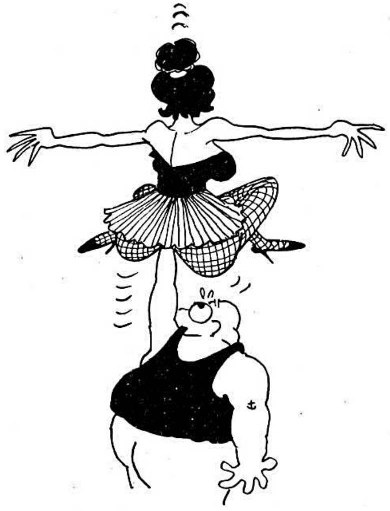


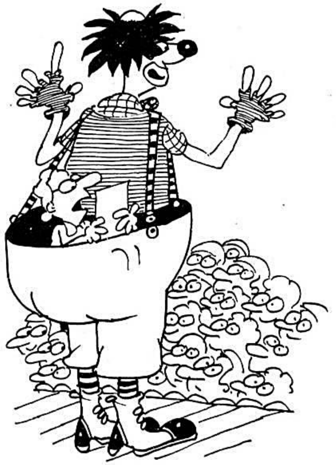
'Pssst!'

THE GOOD OLD LAYS

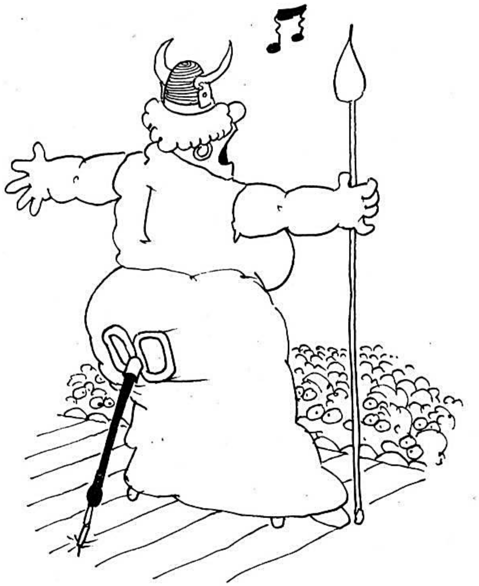
Music hall was the home of bawdy entertainment. Cartoonist Peter Maddocks lets his acts go one stage further

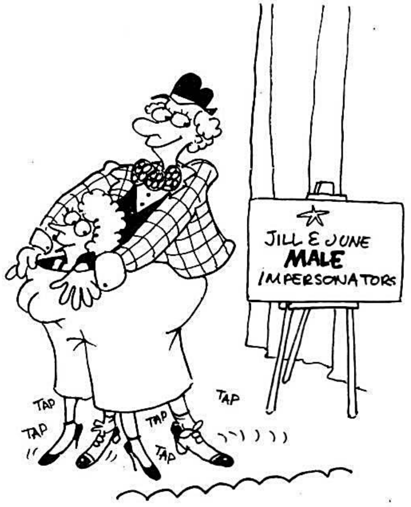






'Now here's another funny story . . .'




JILL & JUNE
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IMPERSONATORS
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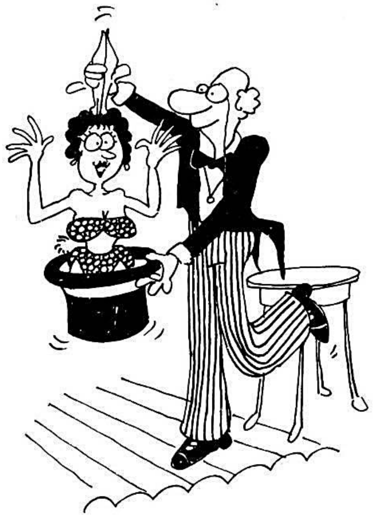
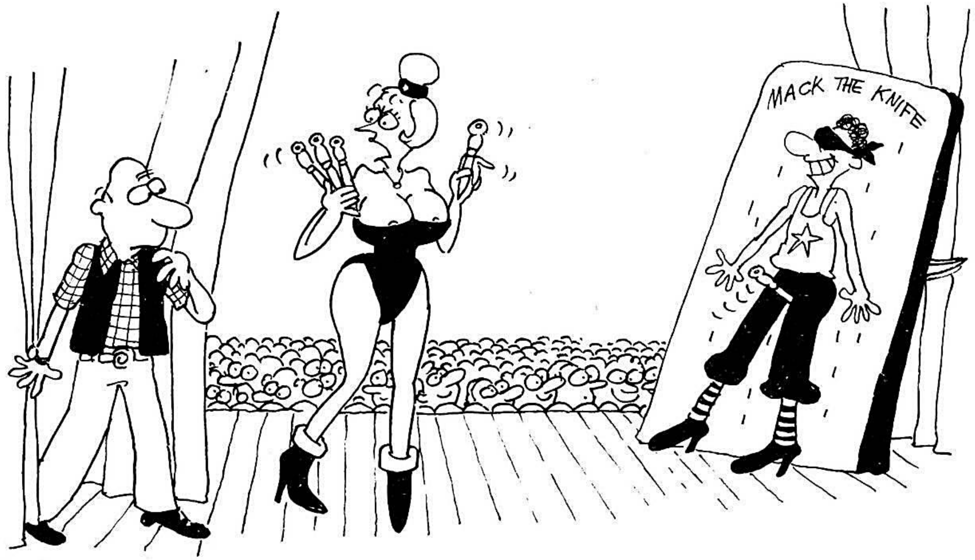



MACK THE KNIFE

'But I haven't thrown one yet.'

Susie the Secretary

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

When pert-breasted 19-year-old Susie Mainwaring told us that she worked as a secretary, we weren't very surprised. Her 34-23-33 figure would enhance any office. But when she added that she would like to be photographed where she actually works, we found the idea so unusual that we had to take her up on it. Consequently at 5am, one chilly day, Susie and photographer Peter Flodquist could be seen by early risers letting themselves into the ultra-modern block in Milton Keynes where she is more often typing. Only the caretaker expressed any interest, until he saw Susie.

Once in the third floor office, Susie really came into her own, posing behind her desk in the clothes she wears every day to work. 'I loved every minute,' she told us after the session. 'I only wish I could have done it during the day. But I don't think Head Office would have approved.' Until these pictures appeared, none of the office staff were any the wiser, though Susie thought her boss might have suspected something. 'I was yawning all day,' she laughed. 'And he kept on commenting about how I was in on time for once.' But would she recommend stripping off at work to any of her friends? 'Well, one of my old flatmates might like to try it.' Why's that? 'She works as a door-to-door sales girl.'

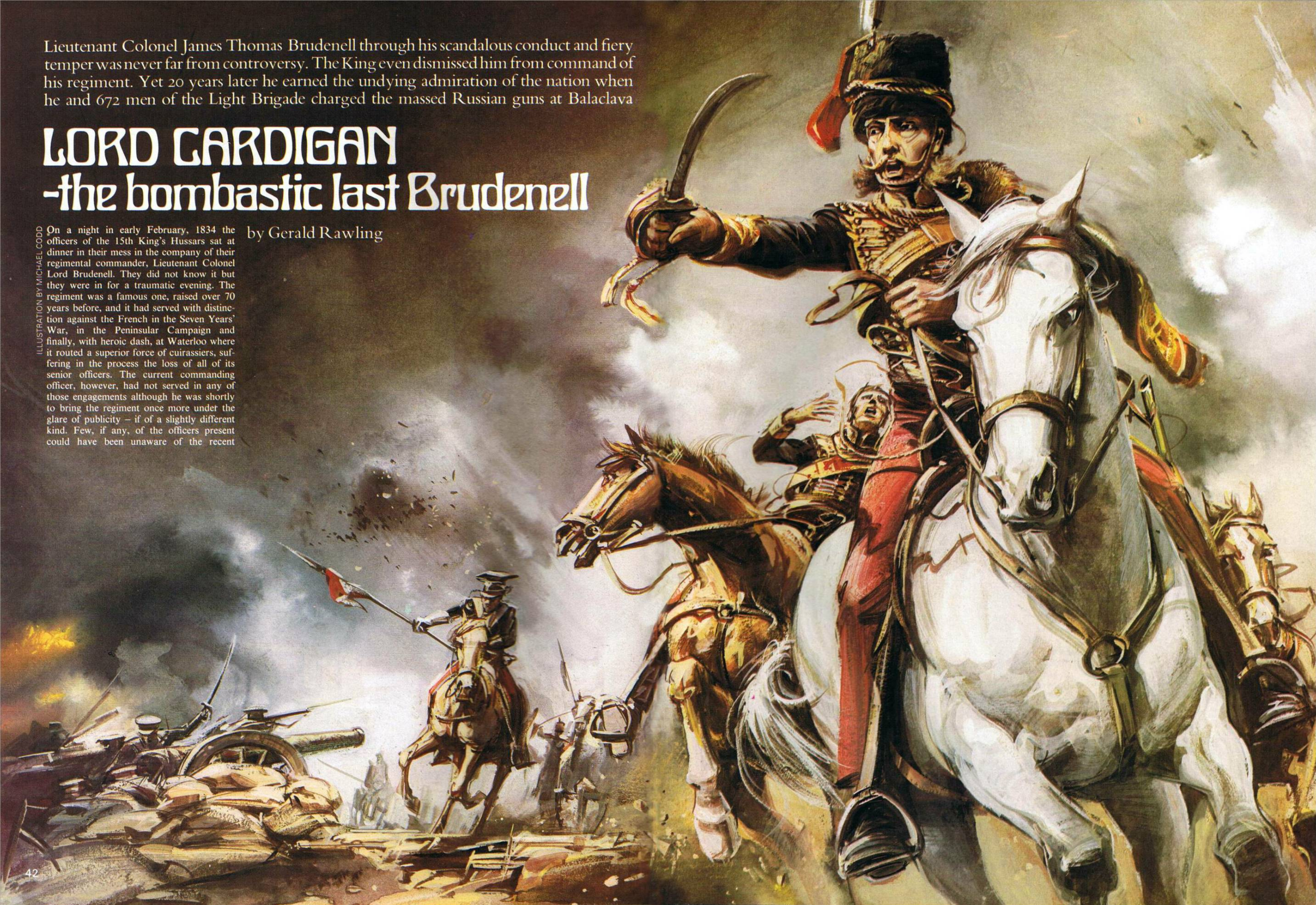


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

Lieutenant Colonel James Thomas Brudenell through his scandalous conduct and fiery temper was never far from controversy. The King even dismissed him from command of his regiment. Yet 20 years later he earned the undying admiration of the nation when he and 672 men of the Light Brigade charged the massed Russian guns at Balaclava

LORD CARDIGAN -the bombastic last Brudenell

by Gerald Rawling

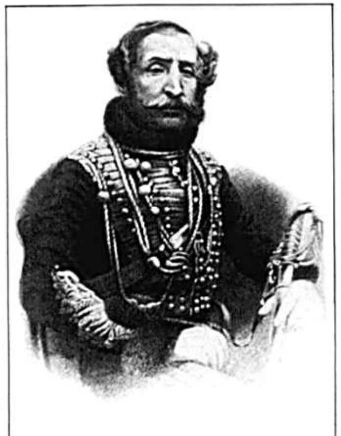
On a night in early February, 1834 the officers of the 15th King's Hussars sat at dinner in their mess in the company of their regimental commander, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Brudenell. They did not know it but they were in for a traumatic evening. The regiment was a famous one, raised over 70 years before, and it had served with distinction against the French in the Seven Years' War, in the Peninsular Campaign and finally, with heroic dash, at Waterloo where it routed a superior force of cuirassiers, suffering in the process the loss of all of its senior officers. The current commanding officer, however, had not served in any of those engagements although he was shortly to bring the regiment once more under the glare of publicity – if of a slightly different kind. Few, if any, of the officers present could have been unaware of the recent developments when one of their colleagues, a Captain Wathen, had been court-martialled at the instigation of his commanding officer after a stand-up row between the two of them had dragged on for weeks. It was the findings of the court martial enquiry which turned an otherwise uneventful evening into an occasion which was to become a notorious milestone in the history of the 15th King's Hussars.

An orderly brought in the document and handed it to Lord Brudenell who began to read it. As he did so his officers viewed with growing alarm the extraordinary contortions of their commanding officer's face. They were used to his sporadic flurries of ungovernable temper but on this occasion he appeared to be on the verge of apoplexy. The reason shortly became clear. Captain Wathen had been honourably acquitted of the charges brought against him. That was bad enough from Lord Brudenell's point of view but there was worse to come. Not only was Wathen to be acquitted, but Brudenell himself was severely censured for conduct 'revolting to every proper and honourable feeling of a gentleman.' And finally, came the most sensational finding of all: in one crisp sentence, at the command of King William IV himself, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Brudenell was dismissed from his command of the 15th Hussars.

It would not be unreasonable in the light of these circumstances to assume that any pretensions Lord Brudenell may have had to a further military career would now be at an end. Regimental commanders who so disastrously mismanage their commands that they are sacked are not normally given another regiment to play with, but in Brudenell's case this was precisely what happened. Just 20 years later, at the head of his own regiment, the 11th Hussars, he led one of the most famous cavalry charges of all time. But he was not called Lord Brudenell then. He was Major General the Earl of Cardigan, commander of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

The 19th Century is more fruitful than most in its harvest of eccentric English gentlemen of the upper classes, but even in that flamboyant period few men could match the extraordinary career of James Thomas Brudenell, 7th Earl of Cardigan. Born to the purple, he managed to keep himself in the public eye for nearly all of his 71 years whether by scandalous conduct, by furious litigation, by adultery, by being tried on a murder charge in the House of Lords, by being described as 'this plague spot of the British Army' or more simply as the hero of Balaclava. At no time in his career was Lord Cardigan far from the headlines, and he kept the British public supplied with an unending series of sensational news stories from first to last.

He was born on October 16, 1797, the only surviving male child of his parents who also had seven daughters all of whom inherited their mother's outstanding good looks. Their father, Robert Brudenell, was a cautious and retiring gentleman who lived in genteel middle-class obscurity in Buckinghamshire until, to his mild surprise, he became the 6th Earl of Cardigan, following the death of his childless uncle who had previously held the title. For Robert Brudenell this involved minimal upheaval in the tranquil life of a country squire apart from occasional visits to the House of Lords, moving his dependants to the vast family seat of the Cardigans at Deene in Northamptonshire and deciding how he should dispose of an annual income of £40,000 which had suddenly been thrust upon him. In the meantime his son, James Thomas, now by courtesy called Lord Brudenell, pursued a rather perfunctory education, first at Harrow then at Christ Church College, Oxford. University proved a rather boring interlude for a young man whose horizons were bounded only by the hunting field and the prospects of a military career, and he left as soon as he could without bothering over the formality of taking a degree, thinking that academic baubles of that type would be of little use to a future Earl of Cardigan. He embarked instead on the Grand Tour, an essential ingredient at that time of any upper class young man's education, and took in France, Italy, Sweden and Russia before returning to the pastoral vistas of Deene. Once there he had to decide what to do with his life.



Major General the Earl of Cardigan.

For young Lord Brudenell the decision was easy – he had never had any doubts at all about what he wanted to do – he was going to lead a regiment into battle. Like his well favoured sisters, he had inherited his mother's considerable beauty, although in an entirely masculine way which revealed him as tall, fair, slim and intensely good looking – the very text book image of a cavalry officer of the day. And, as if to point up this portrait more clearly, he was a splendid and absolutely fearless horseman. By his late teens he was riding in the front rank with the foremost packs in the country – the Quorn, the Pytchley or the Cottesmore – and their huntsmen seldom sounded the 'Gone Away' without young Lord Brudenell out ahead at a furious gallop, outpacing all competitors and going out of his way to put his horse straight at obstacles which more experienced, or indeed more intelligent, riders would have avoided. Intelligence, perhaps, was the only quality that Lord Brudenell lacked as a prospective cavalry officer, and intelligence was not all that important a prerequisite in those days when army commissions were obtained not by merit but by purchase.

It was by purchase then, that Brudenell obtained his commission, a cornetcy in the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. What followed was a brief and entirely uncharacteristic period of tranquillity while young Lord Brudenell devoted himself to the duties of a cavalry subaltern and bought his way up the promotion ladder at the maximum speed which the regulations allowed. Starting as a cornet in 1824, he was a lieutenant in 1825 and a captain in 1826. It took him a little longer to buy his majority – in August 1830 – but a little later that year, in December, he achieved the maximum rank which purchase would allow – Lieutenant Colonel – and then went on to half pay since there was no regiment available whose commander was willing to sell out in his favour. Two years later a vacancy occurred and he took over command of the 15th Hussars, an event which was to be remembered later with fascinated horror by the officers of that distinguished and fashionable regiment.

Lieutenant Colonel Lord Brudenell did not take long to make his mark with his new command. Drills and field days increased to unheard of proportions, punishments escalated and no item of regimental routine was too small to receive the earnest and critical attention of the Colonel himself. He behaved more like a sergeant major than a colonel, and he quickly conceived a powerful animus against certain officers in the regiment. Foremost among these was one of his troop commanders, Captain Wathen, whom he pursued relentlessly, haranguing him on parade in front of his own troop, summoning him to the regimental office on the slightest pretext and generally persecuting the unfortunate officer with all the considerable means at his disposal. Eventually, the affair, stormy at the best of times, blew up into hurricane proportions over the prosaic matter of the issue of new stable jackets to Captain Wathen's troop. The Captain considered the fresh uniform unnecessary, particularly as it would involve his troop accounts going into an overdrawn position and protested, but the Colonel was adamant. In the course of numerous squally interviews in the regimental office it became clear that Lord Brudenell was having all conversations recorded, sometimes by an NCO concealed in a cupboard, and Captain Wathen thereupon refused to make any more verbal statements, insisting on putting everything in writing. Literally foaming with rage, Brudenell put Wathen under close arrest and had him court martialled.

The trial took place in December, 1833 and was monitored exuberantly by a press which had already conceived a powerful dislike for the future Lord Cardigan. During the course of the trial, Wathen conducted himself with admirable restraint, seeking only to defend his honour as an officer, and rounding off his closing speech with a calculatedly casual reference to his presence on the field at

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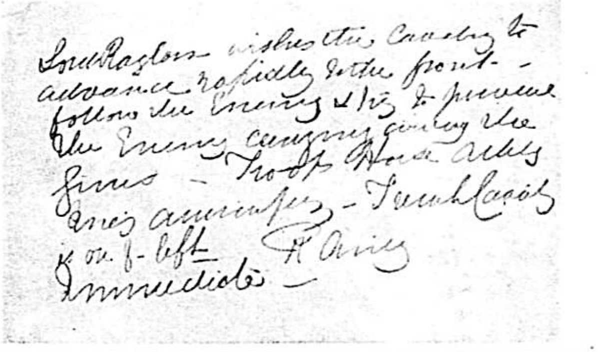
The Light Brigade comprised the 8th and 11th Hussars (Cardigan's Regiment), 4th and 13th Light Dragoons (above in 1855) and 17th Lancers. Below: Lord Raglan's order to charge.



Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front – follow the Enemy & try to prevent the Enemy carrying away the guns – Troop Horse Artly may accompany – French Cavalry is on yr left
Immediate –
R Airey

Lord Cardigan

continued from page 44

Waterloo, a surefire method of arousing sympathy with any audience of the day whether civil or military. By contrast Lord Brudenell put on a near paranoid performance, and convincingly destroyed any hopes of a verdict in his own favour. But it was the secret transcripts of conversations in the regimental office that caused the most scandal at the Horse Guards, and it was principally on those grounds that Wathen was acquitted and Brudenell relieved of his command.

Not a man to doubt his own judgment or to take his dismissal lightly, Brudenell hawked his grievances around the corridors of power, approaching Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief and even, through family connections at Court, the King. Finally, he sought the intercession of the Duke of Wellington himself who, though holding no military or political appointment at the time, still had more influence in the country than any other single man. The Iron Duke bluntly advised him to stay quiet for a year or two until the Wathen episode dimmed in the public mind, and with that young Lord Brudenell had to be content.

The temporary retirement into the obscurity of Deene lasted just two years while Lord Brudenell explored every avenue with the object of getting himself reinstated. Eventually it was his father, the 6th Earl, who talked the King into saving the Cardigan honour by restoring his son to the command of a regiment, and on March 30, 1836, the same Lord Brudenell who had been found unfit to command the 15th Hussars was awarded the lieutenant colonelcy of the 11th Light Dragoons at a purchase price reported as £40,000.

On his assuming command it quickly became apparent that Lord Brudenell had learned no lessons from his previous experiences. Shortly after the new appointment, Brudenell's father died, subsiding quietly into a grave towards which his son's indiscretions had no doubt hastened him; from now on Lord Brudenell was James Thomas, 7th Earl of Cardigan. This ancient distinction, conferred on him by birth, increased rather than detracted from his arrogance, his pride, his self assurance, his volcanic temperament and his stupidity.

Characteristically, he found directions in which to vent his spleen in his new command. The 11th had spent many years in India and the new Lord Cardigan conceived a powerful distaste for 'Indian' officers – that is to say, British officers who had spent the majority of their service on that sub continent where they picked up undesirable habits like drinking beer in the mess. He soon began to make life intolerable for certain officers as he had done in the 15th; the prime target emerged as Captain J W Reynolds, and this particular confrontation achieved notable proportions in the 'Black Bottle' affair. At a regimental dinner in honour of the Inspector General of Cavalry, Reynolds called over a mess waiter and asked him to bring a bottle of moselle for the benefit of guests who preferred it to the champagne being served. Cardigan spotted the 'Black Bottle' and, assuming it to be porter, sent his adjutant after the meal to remonstrate with Reynolds. The affair eventually blew over but not before news of this domestic crisis in the 11th leaked out to a gleeful press who lost no opportunity of informing the public about Cardigan and his attitude to 'Indian' officers. Not long afterwards one of the 11th's troopers, on a charge for becoming involved in a pub-side scuffle, protested indignantly to his Commanding Officer: 'But, my lord, he called me a Black Bottle!'

Not content with this indiscretion, Cardigan went on to antagonise another of his officers, a Captain R A Reynolds (no relation to J W Reynolds) who became so incensed with his Commanding Officer's cavalier attitude that he actually challenged Cardigan to a duel. This could only have one result. While quite happy to give satisfaction to anyone on the field of honour, Cardigan knew, as Reynolds must have known, that military law forbade any such meeting and the incident was resolved with one more court martial, copiously covered by the press, in which Cardigan repeated his paranoid performance but on this occasion gained the verdict. Captain Reynolds was cashiered.

Although vindicated by the Court, Cardigan's reputation was not enhanced by the continual washing in public of the 11th's dirty linen. And to make matters worse the duel was fought anyway, although not with Captain Reynolds. A Lieutenant Harvey Tuckett who had sold out of the 11th and gone on half pay rather than serve with Cardigan published some highly provocative letters in *The Morning Post* accusing the Earl of cowardice in seeking refuge under the cloak of army regulations. Predictably, Cardigan rose to the bait and his second called on Tuckett. The duel took place in front of the old mill on Wimbledon Common.

Shortly after 5 pm on the evening of September 12, 1840, Tuckett and Cardigan faced each other at a distance of twelve paces. The first shots droned harmlessly over the agricultural hinterland of Wimbledon, but at the second exchange Tuckett fell with a bullet in the ribs which came out close to the spine. Both men were promptly arrested by the occupant of the mill who happened to be a constable. For Cardigan, by the laws of the day, it meant a murder charge. In due course he was indicted for intent to murder, intent to maim and inflicting grievous bodily harm. He elected, as was his right, to be tried by his peers.

It was another field day for the newspapers when the Earl of Cardigan appeared on capital charges in the House of Lords, but if they hoped to see him hanged or transported for life they were disappointed. Cardigan's defence counsel got him off on a simple question of identity: the prosecution

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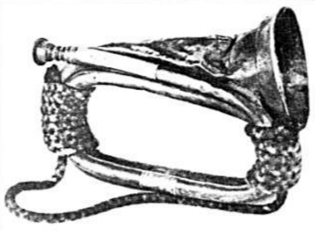
Above: a group of Light Brigade survivors pictured at a reunion in London during June, 1897.



The bugle on which Trumpeter William Brittain sounded the Charge at Balaclava.

Lord Cardigan

continued from page 96

had alleged that he had shot and wounded Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett; the defence merely pointed out that the prosecution had only produced as evidence of identity a visiting card inscribed Captain Harvey Tuckett and that was enough. The peers, from the junior baron right up to the senior duke, all stood up in turn, uncovered their heads and solemnly pronounced Cardigan not guilty.

It was precisely six weeks before Cardigan got himself into the papers again, this time for carrying out a sentence of one hundred lashes on one of his troopers on Easter Sunday about ten minutes after morning service had been concluded. A furore followed this extraordinary piece of insensitivity which undoubtedly occurred only because Cardigan was involved. The Horse Guards were dragged in, the Duke of Wellington pontificated and *The Times*, which had usually ignored Cardigan's indiscretions, referred to him as 'this plague spot of the British army'. It all had no effect on Cardigan who remained as sure of himself as ever despite being black-balled no less than 28 times when he tried to join the exclusive United Service Club.

But events were moving inexorably towards the situation which was to bring Cardigan once more to centre stage and for once he was to emerge from the episode with credit. On February 27, 1854 Britain and France went to war with Russia and the Earl took his regiment, now known as the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, or more familiarly as the Cherry Bums, on account of their crimson tight overall trousers, to the Crimea. Apart from his own regiment, as a Major General, Cardigan commanded a Brigade of Light Cavalry but found to his disgust that he was under the orders of his despised brother-in-law, the Earl of Lucan who, as a Lieutenant General, was Divisional Commander of all the cavalry forces.

The moment of Cardigan's greatness occurred on October 25, 1854 at Balaclava. By an odd quirk of coincidence it was St Crispin's Day, the anniversary of Henry V's great victory at Agincourt. The coincidence was apt enough, for it was to be a significant and memorable day in the history of British arms.

It started early in the morning when Sir Colin Campbell and 400 Highlanders of the 93rd Regiment successfully stood off a Russian cavalry charge by far superior numbers in an action which has been immortalised ever since as 'The Thin Red Line'. A little later, Sir James Scarlett, the commander of the Heavy Brigade, whose previous experience of danger had been confined to the hunting field, spotted an overwhelming phalanx of Russian cavalry on the crestline above him and without a moment's hesitation, wheeled his regiments about and charged the enemy *uphill*. In what should have been an absolutely suicidal manoeuvre, Scarlett routed a vastly superior force of cavalry and earned undying fame as the leader of the Charge of the Heavy Brigade. Not long after, it was the turn of Cardigan and the Light Brigade.

The Light Brigade, who had so far taken no part in the events of the day, were grouped at one end of a valley whose other end, some mile and a half distant, was the site of the main Russian artillery positions. On an eminence above, Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief observed some Russian infantry preparing to haul off captured British artillery from redoubts which were situated on the heights to the right front of his light cavalry and, remembering Wellington's dictum that no good general should ever lose a gun, he ordered the cavalry into action. Unfortunately, as messenger, he chose an aide-de-camp, a Captain Nolan, who was a superb horseman but who held a profound contempt for both Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan, who were known, incidentally, as 'the cautious ass' and 'the dangerous ass' respectively. Nolan spurred his horse down the slope at breakneck speed and galloped up to Lucan with his written, but extremely ambiguous, order asking him to prevent the enemy carrying off the guns. Lucan could see only the main batteries at the end of the valley and, aghast at the prospect of attacking those, asked Nolan for clarification. Nolan, completely carried away by what he considered to be Lucan's over-cautious attitude, merely waved contemptuously in a vague gesture down the valley and said: 'There, my Lord, is your enemy! There are your guns!'

The Earl of Lucan trotted unhappily over to Cardigan and passed on the order as he interpreted it – that is to charge straight down the valley against the massed Russian artillery which would also involve passing over ground enfiladed on both sides by enemy riflemen and cannon. Cardigan, sitting straight and slender in the saddle despite his 57 years, accepted the order stoically but pointed out that there must be some mistake: 'I shall never be able to bring a single man back,' he said. 'I cannot help that,' replied his brother-in-law. 'It is Lord Raglan's positive order that the Light Brigade attacks immediately.' At this point, Nolan chipped in with a sneering remark, doubting the courage of the cavalrymen, and Cardigan, beside himself with fury, rose in his stirrups. 'By God!' he bellowed, 'if I come through this alive, I'll have you court-martialled for speaking to me in that manner!' Then he turned to his second-in-command, Lord George Paget and said: 'Lord George, we are ordered to make an attack to the front. You will take command of the second line, and I expect your best support, *mind your best support*.' 'Of course, my Lord,' answered Paget, 'you shall have my best support.' He had just lit a cigar; it was to last him all the way to the Russian guns. Then Cardigan positioned himself at the head of the Brigade. Just before ordering the trumpeter to sound the advance he was heard to mutter 'Well, here goes the last of the Brudenells!'

Six hundred and seventy three riders started down the valley, first at a walk, then at a trot. As they did so, Captain Nolan, presumably realising at last that Raglan's orders had been misinterpreted, rode diagonally across their front, apparently trying to lead them in the right direction up towards the Causeway Heights. Thinking that Nolan was trying to lead the charge himself, Cardigan was transported with rage at this seeming breach of military etiquette. 'No,' he shouted, 'threes back into line!' At that moment a shrapnel airburst exploded between the two of them and Nolan was mortally wounded. Shrieking horribly he reeled back in the saddle and careered back through two squadrons of the 13th Light Dragoons before tumbling to the ground. In this manner, the last hope of avoiding the ensuing catastrophe was lost.

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Lord Cardigan
continued from page 102

The squadrons advanced at the trot, then the canter, finally the gallop. Soon they came under fire from both flanks and eventually the batteries at the end of the valley opened up on them. It was carnage. Initially, individual troopers fell under rifle fire, but as the artillery fired at point blank range, whole sections of the cavalry were blasted out of existence. But through it all, Cardigan 'steady as a church' to quote one of his troopers, rode at their head calling 'Steady' or 'Close in' as gaps appeared in the ranks. As he galloped in on the final furlong, still unscathed, there were perhaps 30 men left of the first wave of two regiments which had originally comprised over three hundred.

Cardigan aimed his horse between two cannon and charged through, the first of the Brigade to reach the guns. Other survivors followed him and there was some vicious hand to hand fighting with the Russian artillerymen. Cardigan, however, deeming it beneath his dignity to indulge in cut and thrust with common soldiers, turned his horse about and began to ride back up the valley. He seemed quite unmoved by his experience and was still simmering over the insolent behaviour of Captain Nolan, who was still very much in his mind when he rode up to the Heavy Brigade position. 'Imagine the fellow,' he snorted to General Scarlett, 'screaming like a woman when he was hit.' 'Say no more, my Lord,' protested Scarlett, 'I have just ridden over Captain Nolan's dead body.'

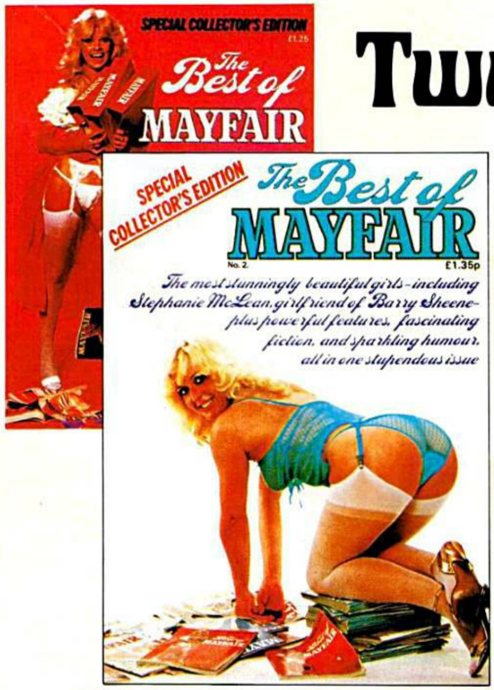
As the pathetic remnants of the Light Brigade regiments limped painfully back down the valley, Cardigan was said to have ridden down to Balaclava harbour and gone aboard his luxury steam yacht, *Dryad*, for a bath, a change of clothes and a champagne dinner, but it seems likely that this story was apocryphal – even Cardigan could not have been as callous and insensitive as that.

Shortly after the charge he was invalided home as his health had been deteriorating. He arrived to a hero's welcome, and the crowds who had booed or hissed him in the theatres over affairs like the Black Bottle and the Sunday Flogging episodes now treated him like an emperor and serenaded him with *See the Conquering Hero Comes*.

The closing years of his life were also eventful. He indulged in furious correspondence with Raglan, Lucan and others over the responsibility for ordering the Light Brigade into action and indeed the whole conduct of the cavalry in the Crimea. He married for the second time, on this occasion to a woman less than half his age, and he went through the Cardigan fortune at a pace which reduced his assets to a mere £60,000 at the time of his death. He hunted energetically right up to the end and, although not in the hunting field, he was on a horse when his final illness struck him down. On March 26, 1868 he toppled out of the saddle after suffering a stroke and two days later he died. Having no son, he was indeed the last of the Brudenells; the earldom passed to a relative, the Marquess of Ailesbury, who had little use for a rank inferior to his own, and although the title still exists as one of the present marquess' distinctions it is not used.

In many ways Cardigan's life was a series of disappointments and disillusionments for him. He always seemed to want something he could not get. Junior officers seemed unable to understand his perfectly plain and uncomplicated requirements, members of exclusive clubs blackballed him when it was quite obvious that in every way he was eminently qualified for membership, the Queen saw fit to ignore his perfectly reasonable application for a vacancy in the Order of the Garter and the Prime Minister was really quite rude when he put his own name forward for the Lord Lieutenancy of Northamptonshire following the death of the previous incumbent – after all he *was* an Earl and *did* live in the county.

As far as official commendation was concerned he had to be content with a KCB which, to his profound disgust, was awarded to Lucan at the same time. But the one favour he never courted – was too proud and arrogant to even consider – the respect, even reverence, of the common people was his from Balaclava onwards. And his regiment, the 11th Hussars, never forgot him for all his faults. After his death they were permitted to sound the Last Post ten minutes earlier than any other regiment to commemorate the hour of his passing. That, at least, would have pleased him – to become part of the pageantry and tradition of the British Army that he had tried to serve so well.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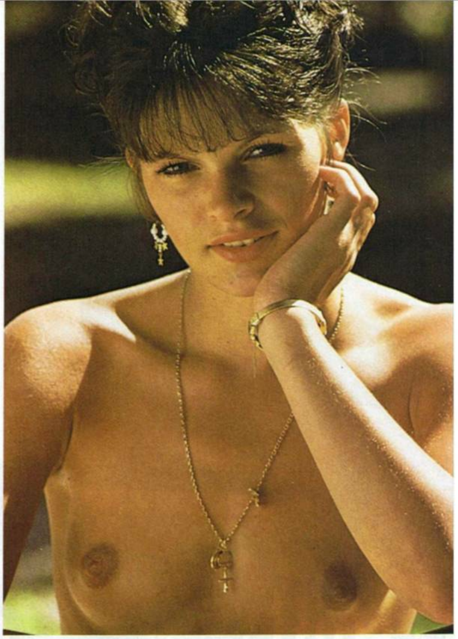
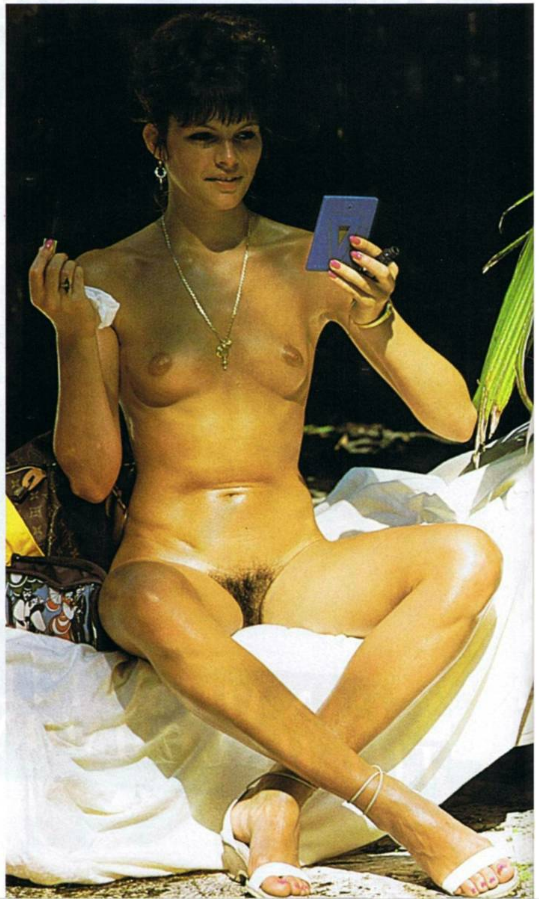
CATHERINE

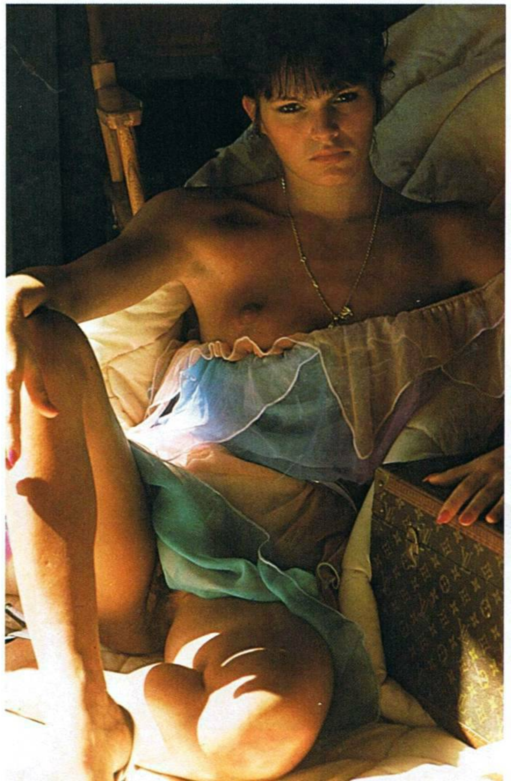
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL MOREAU

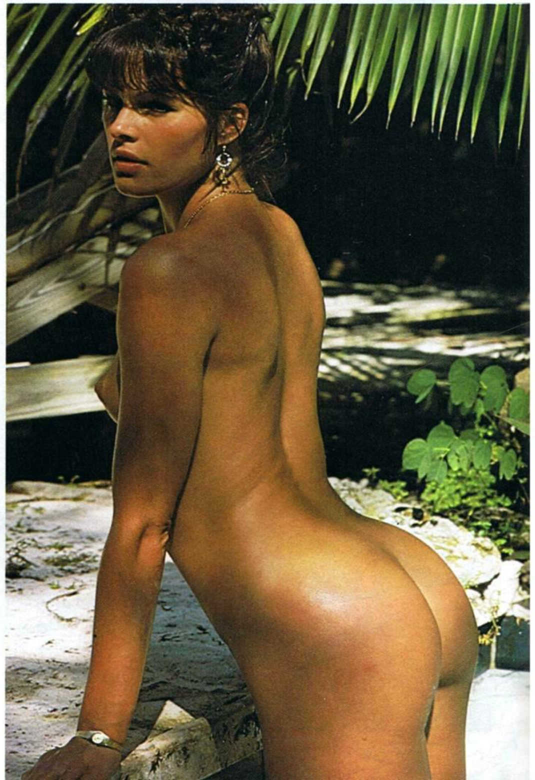
It's quite appropriate that 21-year-old Catherine Buckton should have some Greek blood in her. The very name Catherine comes from the Greek Katharos, which means pure. 'That's me,' grins the 34–22–34 diamond dealer's daughter from Richmond, in Surrey. Catherine attended private schools in the Home Counties, and gained four A-levels, before she went to Switzerland for a year's 'finishing off, as my dad calls it. I hated it,' she admits. 'I really wanted to start designing my own jewellery. Opals.'



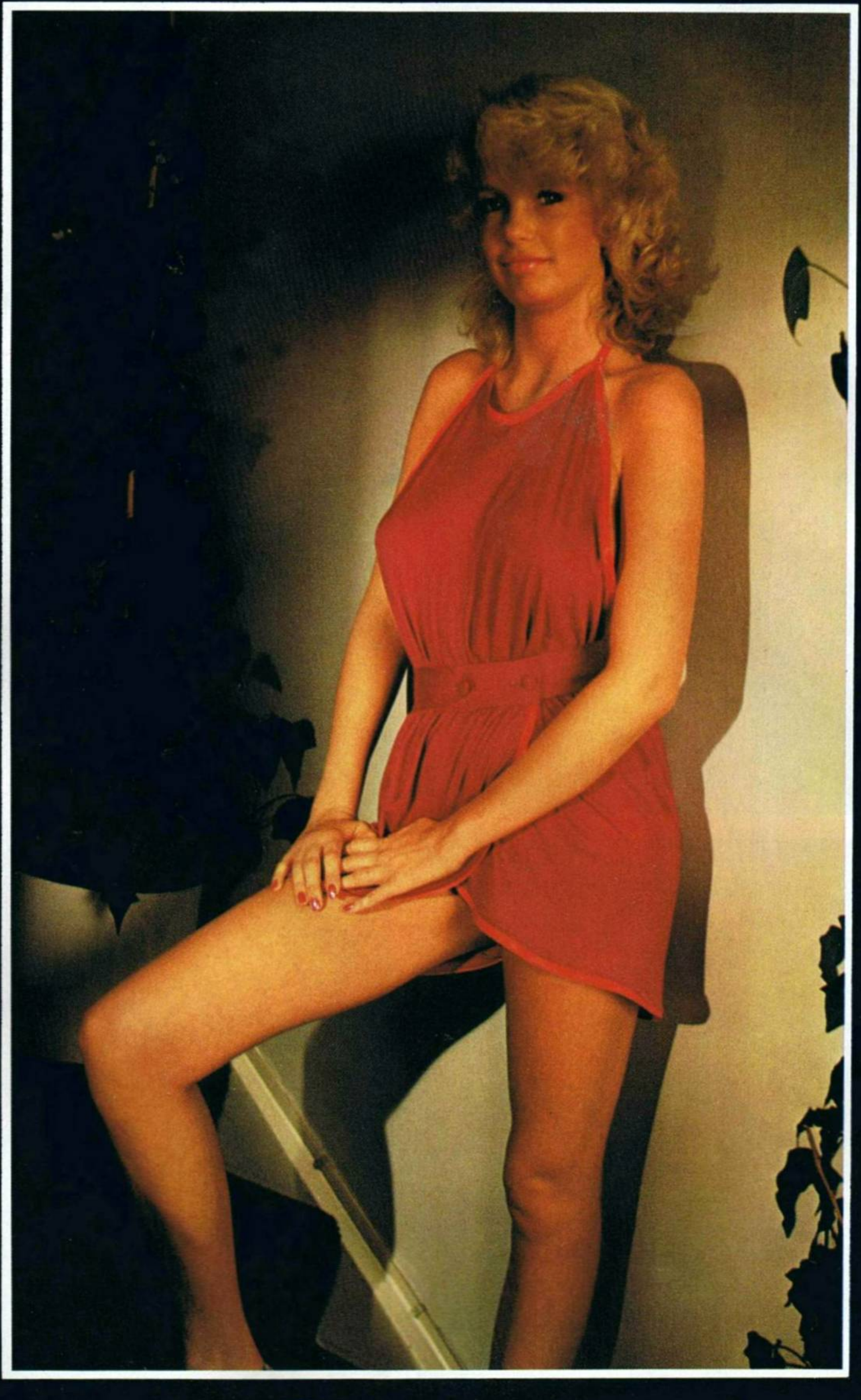


'I've had a little success at antique fairs and the like in the South, just making rings, pendants and brooches. I can make them much cheaper than dad. The rings I usually sell for about thirty pounds. In Hatton Garden they'd be three or four times that. Of course, my overheads aren't that much – I've got a small workshop at my parents'.' When not designing her own jewellery Catherine enjoys nothing more than a week's break somewhere exotic. 'More somewhere sunny and hot,' she says.





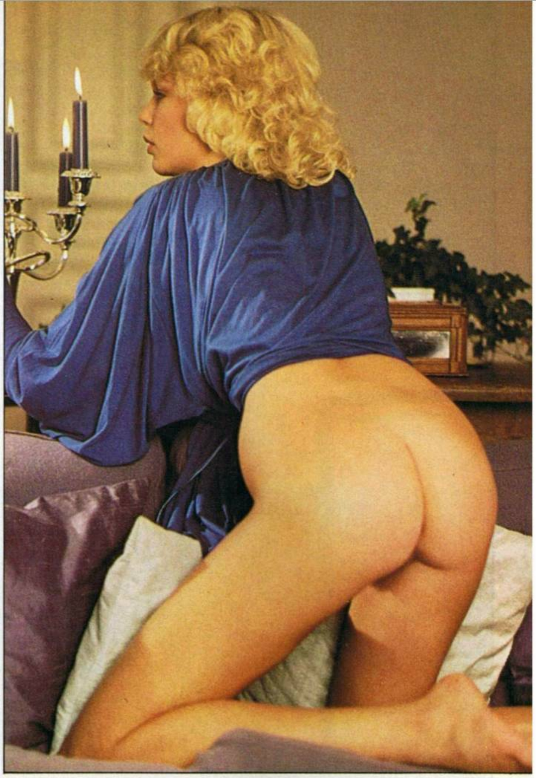
'I'm not rich or anything, it's just that I do lead a pretty regulated life at home,' she says. 'I'm not into discos or any of the usual things girls my age like. I love travel and sun. And I save like mad to be able to afford it at all. Spain is my favourite place though because it's got the sun bit but it's also unpretentious. Besides, Daddy's got a time-share villa there, and that helps with the budget.'



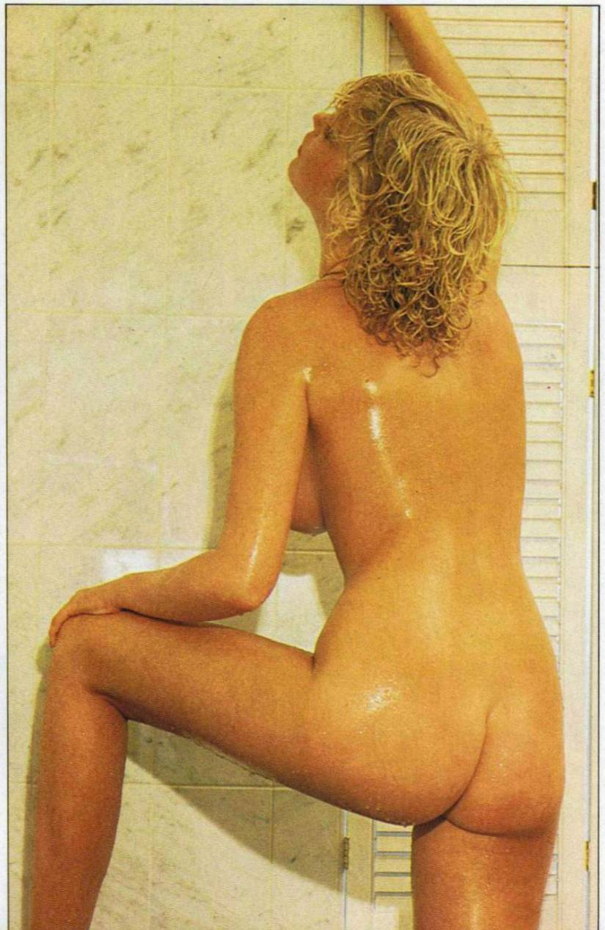
Carina

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

Carina, a cool, blue-eyed natural blonde is only 17 years old. Her spectacular figure measures in at 36–26–35 and she is five feet eight inches tall. Michael is tipping her for success in the Miss Denmark competition later this year. 'She isn't well-known yet, but I believe she is going to be soon. I'm sure about her winning the title of Miss Denmark, and I think she has a pretty good chance at Miss Europe as well. A down to earth girl, she is also very easy to work with.'



Carina lives at home with her family in Copenhagen where she is at present attending college. 'I have not yet decided which subjects I want to specialise in because it depends on my career. My ambition is to be a fashion model, but I am looking forward to the Miss Denmark competition.' In her spare time Carina loves swimming, and also keeps fit with jazz-ballet dancing, or bopping away at local discos. And her choice in boyfriends? 'I like ordinary guys, but it is most important for them to have a good sense of humour.'

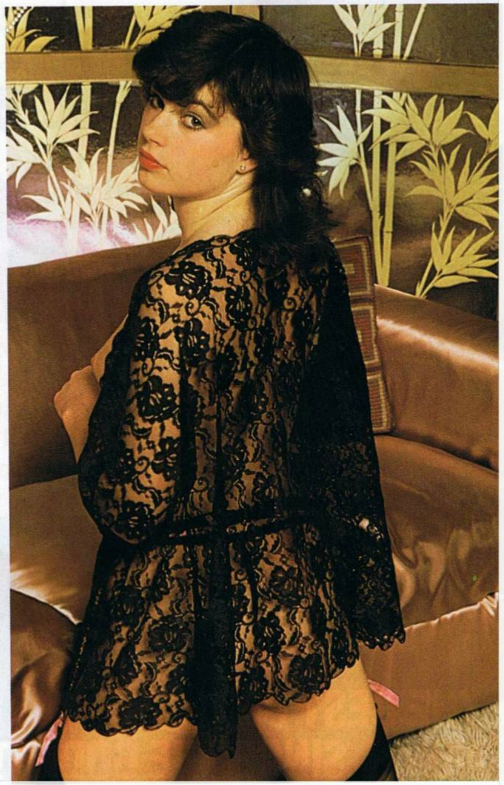


MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
CARINA JENSEN

STEPHANIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

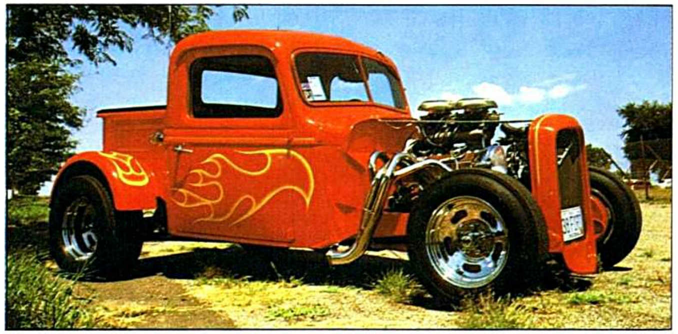
When you look at the list of famous comedians to come from Merseyside, it's easy to see that the area has a highly individual sense of humour. It is one shared by 19-year-old Stephanie Hughes. Stephanie hails from Birkenhead, where she lives in a small terraced house not far from Tranmere Rovers football ground, with her brother. 'I call him "Yosser" after the character in *Boys from the Blackstuff*,' laughed the 34-22-34 beauty, 'but he wouldn't hurt a soul. I'm the only dangerous one in this family – especially after dark.'

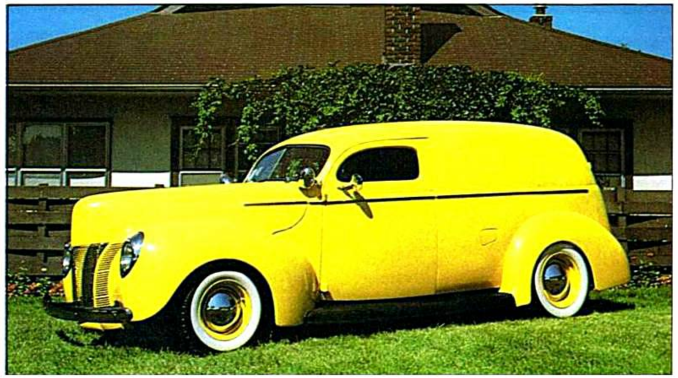


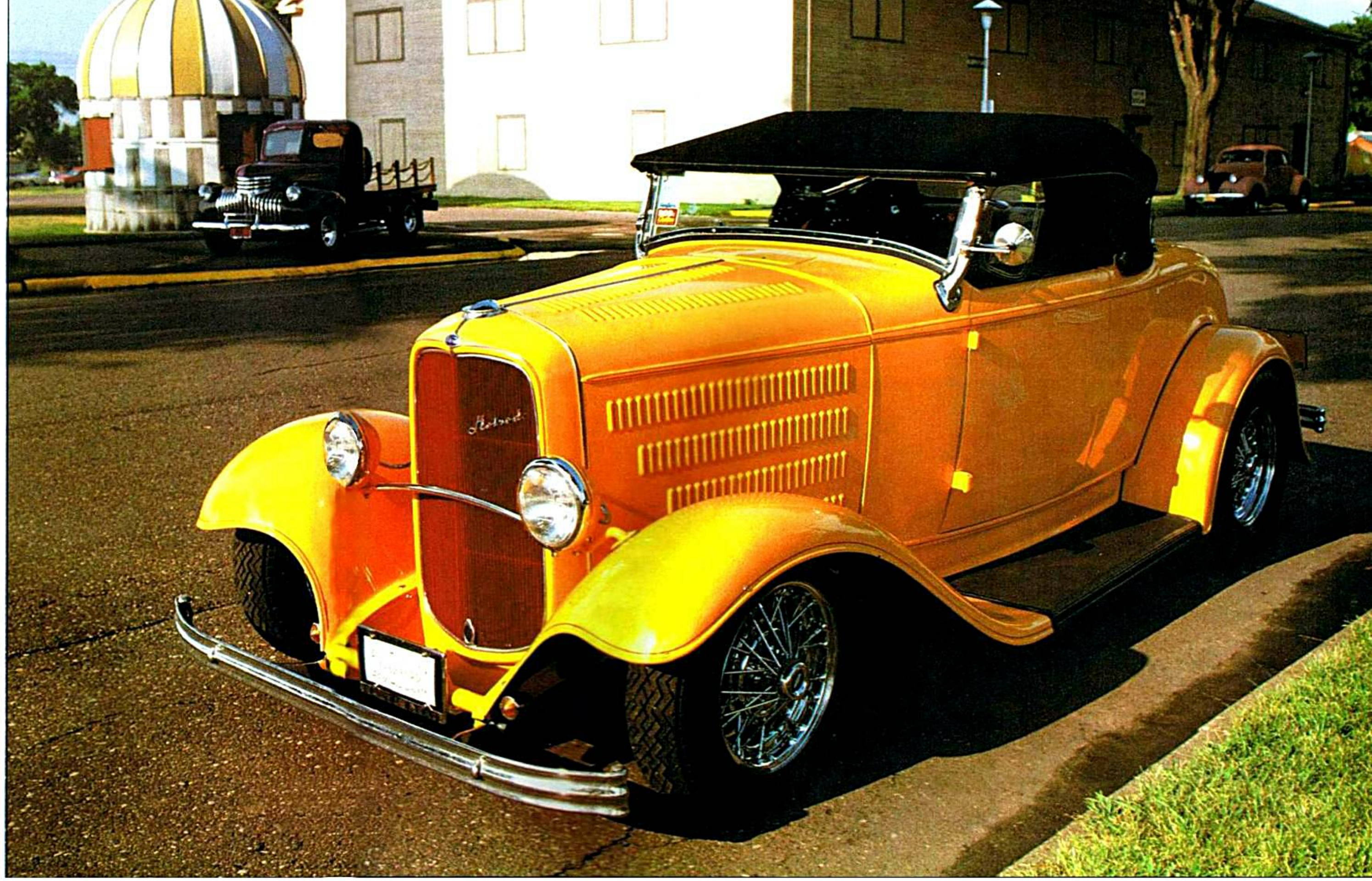
Stephanie's 'lethal' nature is principally to be found on the dance floor. After a few drinks, she races around like a whirlwind inviting strangers to dance and insisting that everyone gets up and has a good time. In fact she is the life and soul of one club she frequents, even though it's some way from home. 'It's an amazing place,' she told us. 'Anything and everything happens there. You are always tripping over couples on the floor. Why only last week my best dress got trampled on by someone – there I go, giving the game away again!'

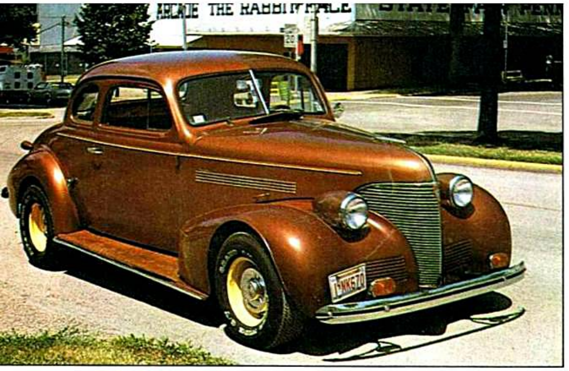
By day though, Stephanie is an all together more sober individual. 'Oh, you wouldn't recognise me in my woolly cardigan and best Marks and Spencers blouse and skirt as I troll about stacking books,' she said. For Stephanie is a part-time worker in a library where she prides herself on her unglamorous appearance. I'm almost schizophrenic,' she giggled. 'By day the helpful lady in the baggy sweater all the OAPs love; by night, it's on with the tight satin and sequins for a drink and a bop.' Only once has her 'front' at the library slipped. 'We have a rather wet guy working there, and when he was off visiting his mother, I slipped *The Joy of Sex* in his briefcase. He still isn't talking to me.'

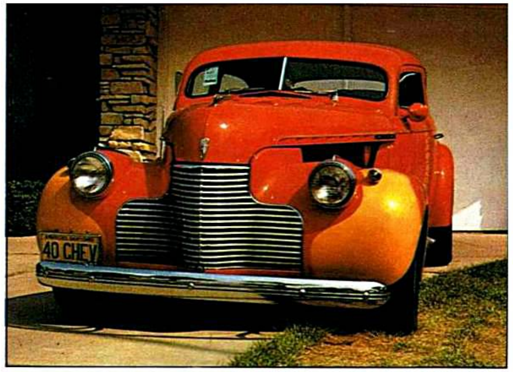
even greater success posthumously and Elvis was still awaiting discovery. Nor were the war-time repressed car firms producing any new or exciting models. So it was up to the youngster himself to come up with his own ideas. Fortunately, there was one thing in plenty; hundreds of thirties' Fords and the time to work on them. It wasn't long before somebody decided to put the new Ford V8 engine in one of the little coupés and with a bit of tuning, they were extremely fast and fun. Add some fancy paintwork and they were fit for anything – hill climbing, dirt tracking or just Saturday night cruising. Soon the hot rod became more sophisticated. New cylinder heads, camshafts and

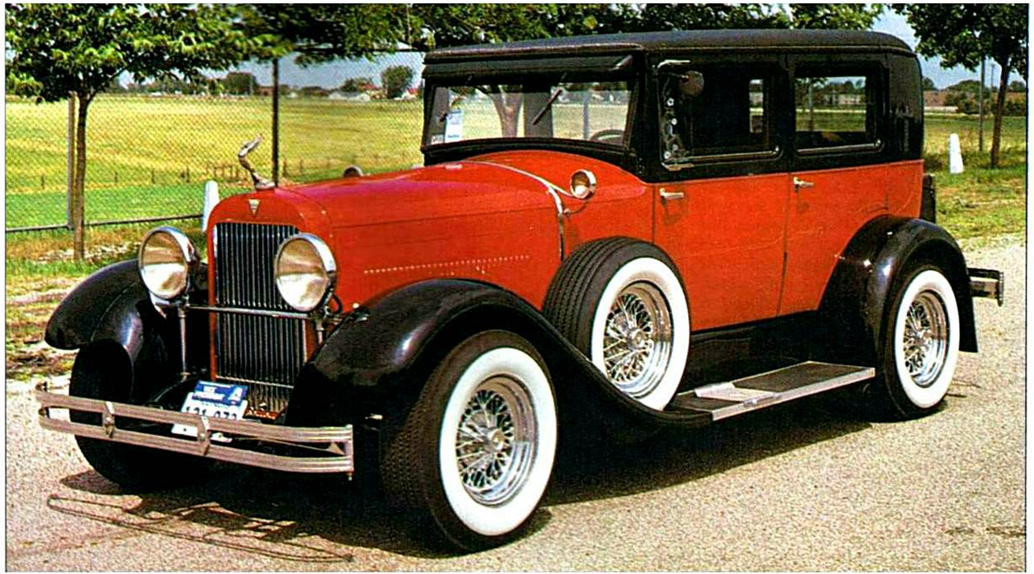










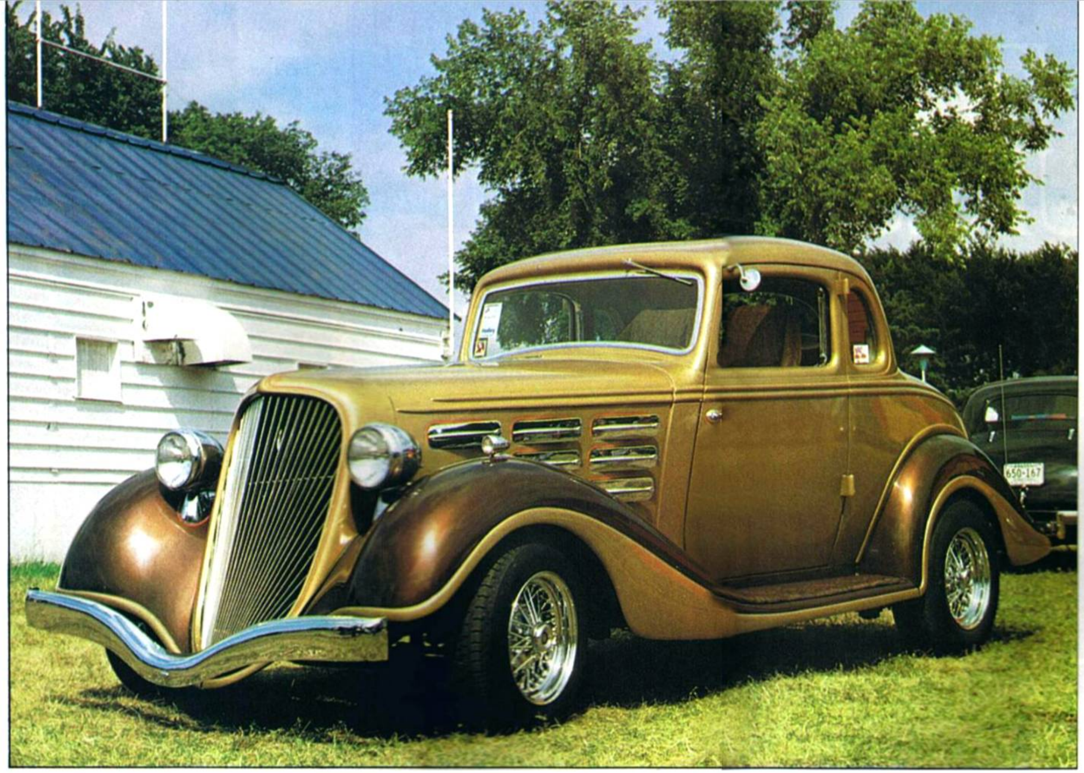


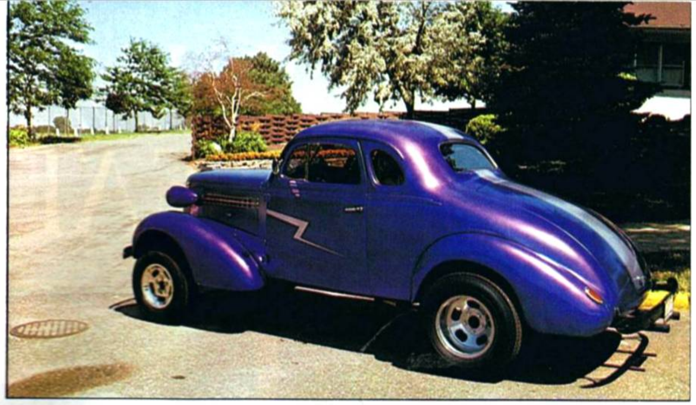
Large picture, top right: This Ford Roadster originally appeared in 1932 before beginning its new life as a hot rod. Below it is a stately-looking and rare Hudson four-door Town Sedan built in 1929, once the pride of the gangsters and now a getaway car of a different nature. To its left are two Chevrolet two-door coupés, the red and orange model on the right being made in 1940. Above them is a highly individual commercial vehicle, a 1940 Ford panel van with a 302 cu. in. Ford V8 engine. Top: A 1938 Ford pick-up with a 331 cu. in. blown V8 Chevrolet engine.

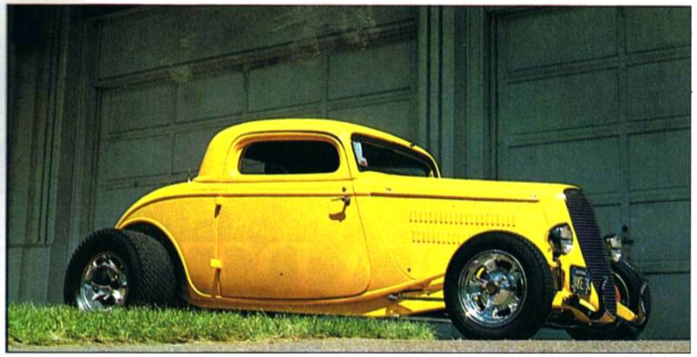
manifolds were built to make them faster still. More artistic men came up with stencils and motifs for decoration (the flame design still being most popular) and soon it was to become a big business. Street rods were here to stay.

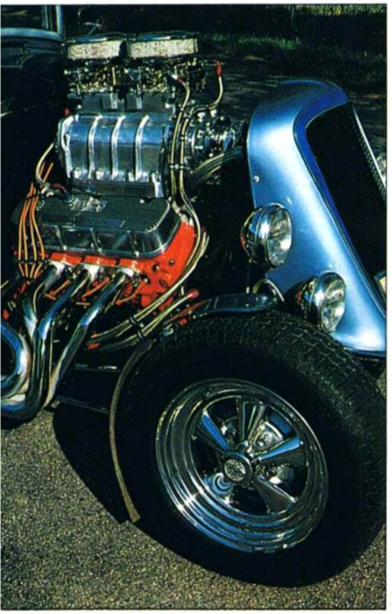
As time went on, the Ford three and five window coupés were joined by hot rod Chevrolets, Plymouths, vans, even stately Hudsons received the treatment. The Ford V8 engine was superseded by a Chevy V8 and shortly after hydraulic brakes were introduced. Now there is no limit to just what or how much cars can be customised. Except one, of course. These days, an uncustomised Ford coupé will cost around £7,000, 'rodding' it another £15,000. Individuality doesn't come cheap, but then, why should it?

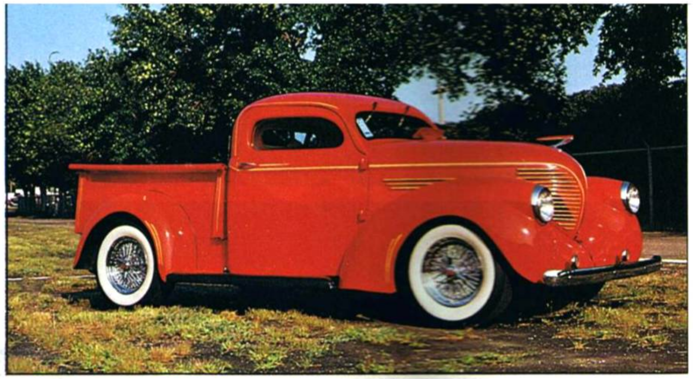
Lovers of custom cars might like to know they can see more of Andrew Morland's pictures in his book Street Rods, *published by Osprey, price £5.95.*

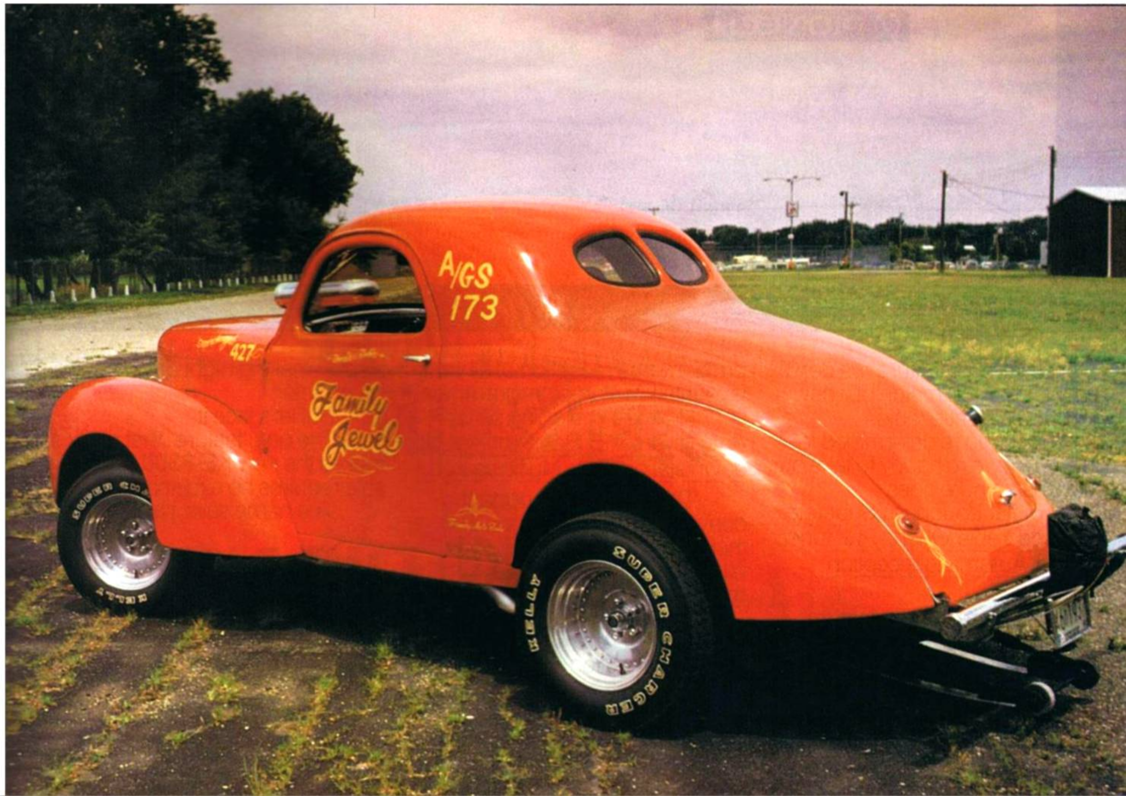












Large picture, top: This smart Hudson Essex coupé originally emerged in 1935. Now it has a 327 cu. in. Ford V8 engine. Top right: A 1938 Chevrolet coupé, this time powered by a GM Pontiac engine. Below it, a 1934 Ford coupé with a truck grille added. Large picture, right: Photographed against the setting sun, a 1937 Willys coupé now containing a 427 cu. in. Chevrolet engine. To its left, top, the Willys pick-up made one year later with a 2-litre automatic engine added. Finally, above, the engine from a Graham two-door sedan, a 427 cu. in. blown V8 that is capable of developing some 600 bhp.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fifteen

This month Quest talks to three people who have each experienced the St George syndrome, where the brave young knight rescues the damsel only to become the dastardly dragon himself

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

PART-TIME MODEL, 22 years old, brunette, town of origin Liverpool

This interviewee left school at 16 and took a number of temporary jobs before a long period of unemployment. It was during this time she began occasional work as a photographic model. She now lives with her photographer boyfriend.

Quest: So Jeff was your knight in shining armour, was he?

Model: Yes he was. He was even wearing a silver jacket! Actually they were fairly tatty sequins, but I thought they were great. It was daft really. He was the freakiest looking person there but he was straighter than all the fellows who looked straight. They were the weirdos.

Quest: You're talking about a photographic session?

Model: That's where we first met.

Quest: And he rescued you from an awkward situation?

Model: Bloody awkward! I thought that I was going to get gang-banged – at the very least.

Quest: You mean that seriously?

Model: Well, when a fellow strips off and decides he's going to pose next to you, you don't need a medical degree to see what's on his mind.

Quest: You were nude modelling then?

Model: Yes I was, if you don't count a pair of black PVC thigh boots. They had practically all the kinky stuff to hand, I'll give them that.

Quest: Were these professional photographers?

Model: Were they heck! Oh, they tried to make out they were, but Jeff was the only one there who knew one end of a camera from the other. They were just half a dozen lads getting together for a lark.

Quest: Have you modelled for many groups like that?

Model: For amateurs? Yes, lots. Most of them are fine, very kind; we have a good laugh. You get the odd one who tries it on, but I'm wise to all that now. Anyway now Jeff's helping me I'm really only interested in professional work. I only got involved in amateur modelling, well, to be honest, for a

thought for a minute he'd dropped his cords! Then I knew he really wanted me too, so I turned round and we kissed properly and just sank onto the bed.

Quest: And made love?

Model: It was like doing it for the first time all over again. I know it's always different with someone new but I'd really been getting a bit jaded with the whole idea of sex. Jeff sort of reinvented it for me. It was gorgeous. We were still in bed the following afternoon. I just didn't want him to pull out of me.

Quest: You made love for that long?

Model: On and off, we did. When he came in me I'd let him stay there till he got stiff again. I used to squeeze him with my fanny muscles. I taught myself to do that. Jeff loves it but that's only right because I love his thingy too. It's the most beautiful I've ever seen.

Quest: So Jeff could be called your knight in shining sequins?

Model: That's him.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

PUBLISHER, 42 years old, town of origin London

This male interviewee is a director of a publishing company, married, but with no children.

Quest: As we were discussing earlier, you once experienced an incident which could be said to be an example of the St George syndrome?

Publisher: Yes, the rescue of the damsel in distress bit. Only having effected the rescue St George fumbles with his codpiece . . .

Quest: Tell me more . . .

Publisher: Well, as I was saying, it was the most poignant not to say bizarre of sexual interludes. I shall never ever forget it if I live to be a hundred.

Quest: How did it begin?

Publisher: It began, of all things, at a publisher's party. In our trade, as I expect you know, they're always being thrown. I had arrived rather late, had just managed one gin and tonic, and spotted a friend from a rival publishing house. He also had just grabbed one drink when that sudden exodus began. You know, a sizeable chunk of people go and suddenly everyone's anxious not to be the last to leave and be looked at slyly as a potential alcoholic.

Quest: So you left?

Publisher: Not quite like that. I said to my colleague that we'd had no time to chat and I'd buy him a drink in the pub. We came out into this deserted City of London street and after five minutes of walking around found ourselves in a City pub that neither of us had ever been in before.

Quest: Was there anything remarkable about the pub?

Publisher: Only that it seemed to be full of young people. As my colleague remarked we seemed to be the oldest two there and neither of us felt particularly ancient. What I suspect had happened was that there had been some sort of after-office farewell party, the older participants had departed to Orpington and orthodoxy, and the youngsters were beginning to let their hair down a bit.

Quest: In what way?

Publisher: I remarked to my colleague that it was no wonder we had to mix a bit of sex into our best-sellers, it never goes out of fashion. Although the boys and girls were all talking and laughing together it was obvious to the experienced eye that sex wasn't far from their thoughts.

Quest: In what way?

Publisher: They were beginning to touch, and make the conversation more intimate; an arm round the shoulders as they whispered in the ear. You must know the sort of thing I mean.

Quest: So?

Publisher: There was one outstandingly pretty girl there, very petite, very neat figure. Her face was very attractive with high cheek bones, a most mobile mouth and dancing eyes – although that might have been the drink. She was rather unusually dressed by today's casual standards. She wore a brown two-piece suit with a white blouse. Even had shiny brown court shoes with it. She looked a bit like a miniature fashion plate of the fifties.

> ‘As she lay on the bed her figure looked so neat and perfect that St George just went out the window’

Quest: Go on.

Publisher: Because she was the prettiest I suppose she had a ring of men round her and she was being very responsive to all of them; you know, laughing gaily and looking them full in the eyes. The sort of look that makes a man think he's Sean Connery. Then something quite sexy happened . . .

Quest: What was that?

Publisher: The touching bit had escalated a little into horseplay. One of the boys picked her up in a mock fireman's lift. Her skirt rode up at the back and I saw what I was certain was the welt of stockings not tights.

Quest: And that's sexy?

Publisher: Well it was to me. As the boy put her down he held on to her bottom longer than was necessary, just as if he were holding an apple in his hand. After a moment or two he took his hand away, but she hadn't objected or anything. It was after that that I began to realise she was probably getting a bit tight. She seemed a bit over excited, over bright, you know the signs.

Quest: Then what happened?

Publisher: Strangely enough it was almost a repetition of the cocktail party. A couple of the boys came back from the loo, said they were going and suddenly everyone left. Except for this girl who was near us and made no move. She was very near us, she had a drink in her hand and she suddenly slipped. She lurched against my friend. I shot out a hand and grabbed her drink. Not very St George like I suppose but my instinct was that she'd spill it all down herself. She looked at me as if she was embarrassed, confused and grateful all at the same time. I'm sure it suddenly hit her that she had had rather too much to drink.

Quest: And then?

Publisher: And then came the moment that my colleague has never forgiven me for. One of the boys called across 'You all right, Joy? Which station you going to?' And I heard my own voice reply 'It's OK. We're near neighbours. I've got the car. I'll drop her off.' Me, a reasonably happy married man. A complete lie. I had no idea where she lived. I just felt like some cardboard cut-out figure. It was as if I believed this amazing 'protector' image I was giving out. It was as if I was programmed for a seduction. We didn't introduce ourselves, I just looked at her gravely and said, 'Do you want another drink?' She looked at me and said, 'No thanks.' Then I took her arm and said, 'Come on then, you'll match my car, that's brown too.' And with that I steered her straight out of the door leaving my colleague with his mouth open and the remains of a gin and tonic in his hand.

Quest: And she didn't object?

Publisher: She said nothing at all. When she got to my XJS she said, 'Oh, it *is* brown too, that's nice.' I unlocked the passenger door and she sank back into the seat. When I got in my side and looked at her she really did match the car, her brown suit against my honey-coloured leather. Her skirt had ridden a good way up her thighs and she looked really edible. I asked where she lived and she told me. It was south of the river, where I live but we were a long way from being neighbours. She then put her head back and closed her eyes.

Quest: And you took her home like a knight in shining armour.

Publisher: I did exactly that.

Quest: But it doesn't end there?

Publisher: No. When he got to her door she seemed to have recovered a lot even although she hadn't asked a single question. She just looked at me and said 'Thank you. I won't ask you in for a coffee.' I went round and opened the passenger door and just watched her as she bobbed up the steps to her front door, her little bottom joggling seductively under that skirt of her suit.Very attractive.

Quest: And then?

Publisher: And then she couldn't get her key in the lock. She was obviously further gone than I had thought. And once more I turned into the shining knight. I marched up the stairs, took the key firmly from her, opened the front door, and said, 'You're the one, young lady, that needs the coffee.' Inside the hall were three further doors and it was obviously a house divided into flats. I just took the second key on her key ring and opened the door she had turned towards. It was a one-bedroomed flat with a small shower room-cum-bathroom off. Again, she said nothing but now she seemed to recover. 'I'll make some coffee,' she said. She walked off, very trim and erect. Then I realised she'd walked into the bedroom. Funny place to fill a kettle, I thought, and followed her in. She was lying on the bed fast asleep.

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Quest: So you roused the sleeping beauty?

Publisher: I walked across and shook her shoulder. She said drowsily, 'You'd better just leave me . . .'

Quest: So you did . . .

Publisher: So I didn't. I pulled back the bedclothes so she was lying on a sheet. She was lying face downwards and her figure still looked so neat and perfect. I thought I'd better take her shoes off. I suppose I intended to cover her up.

Quest: But you didn't?

Publisher: I took off her shoes and she made no motion at all. And at that moment St George galloped out of the window and a scheming, self-deceiving old lecher just took over.

Quest: How?

Publisher: I looked down at this seductive, sleeping figure and heard myself say 'You'll be better with your things off.' I slid my hands round the front of her jacket and undid the buttons. It was incredibly difficult to get her arms out of it but she didn't seem to object. And then without pausing to think what I was doing I undid the button at the side of her skirt and gently slid her skirt down her legs. What a sight. She was wearing stockings. Pale beige ones and these dark brown, satiny bikini pants. I must have been possessed by some driving madness but without pause I slid my forefingers in the sides of her pants and slid them gently but firmly down. There was no excuse, of course.

> 'The suspender belt made this perfect frame to her bottom. Without thinking, I bent and kissed it'

You don't need to take a girl's pants down to make sure she sleeps comfortably. And I hadn't touched her blouse or bra.

Quest: How did she react?

Publisher: It was rather how did *I* react. She gave a faint little jiggle but I found myself looking down at the most perfect little bum I've ever seen in the whole of my life. The slim suspender belt holding her stocking tops high on the outside of her thighs made an almost perfect round frame to her bottom. Without thinking, I just bent over her and gently kissed her left buttock.

Quest: And she . . . ?

Publisher: And she said in a perfectly sober voice, 'That's nice.' And I imagined I saw her thighs move marginally apart. Without a thought I put my hand between the tops of her thighs. She was soaking wet! I slid my hand between her thighs, I felt her legs open and suddenly I was cupping the most adorably little, half-peach of a Mound of Venus, soft and downy and very, very ready. I slipped a finger straight along the lips, seeking and finding her clitoris in one. I heard her give a little gasp. I gently flicked the button and very quickly I felt her convulse with like a secret little orgasm. She was really pulsating under my hand, it was an incredible experience. I slid my hand back and heard her whisper, 'Don't stop'.

Quest: And did you?

Publisher: My father always said 'Never make love with your trousers on.' I stood up, shrugged off my jacket, undid my belt and whipped off my underpants quicker than any teenager. I put my hands round her waist, gently lifted her on to her knees, eased her legs apart with my own knees and slid straight into her. I felt enormous and madly elated. It was like a dream. The thought that I was actually having this incredibly pretty girl whom half an hour before I'd seen surrounded by a group of boys half my age. I can only describe it in crude terms. I gave her one hell of a rogering. My two hands had slid straight up under her blouse and under her bra. She had the firmest of little breasts, the nipples stalk-hard in my palms. I was shafting into her like a piston and when her orgasm came it seemed to rise all the way from her feet. She raised her head and gave this enormous great cry. Then her head slumped forward, leaving her bottom stuck almost obscenely in the air. Then she gradually subsided like a pricked balloon. Suddenly she said quite rationally, 'I'm terrible. That's what I was looking for all evening. A stiff prick.' And then she fell fast asleep, just like that. I'm sure she wasn't play-acting because she was hissing slightly, a sort of mini-snore.

Quest: And what did you do?

Publisher: I must have felt a bit of a shit, because St George galloped back in. I carefully folded her jacket, skirt and pants and laid them carefully on a chair. Then I went into the shower-room. I couldn't find any Alka-Seltzers but I did find some liver salts. I filled a tooth-glass with water and put it with the liver salts on the bedside table. I even got a spoon from the kitchen. It was some sort of gesture I suppose to show I cared for how she felt. Then I put my trousers on and went home. My supper was in the oven and I was less than an hour late. I didn't even know the girl's surname. I never even called her Joy. I just sat watching television, thinking my whole evening must have been some erotic dream.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

PUBLIC RELATIONS MANAGER, blonde, age 28, town of origin Nottingham

This interviewee joined a newspaper training scheme after leaving school but left subsequently to work in public relations. She now runs the PR department of a firm marketing beauty products. She lives alone in a rented flat.

Quest: To be honest, you don't strike me as the kind of girl who has much need for a knight errant. You look as if you could handle most situations very well.

Manager: Professionally, yes. I have to be able to. The beauty business is a very tough world, hard as lacquer. That doesn't mean it's not useful to be rescued from some boring conversation at a Press reception or the like.

Quest: What about privately?

Manager: Oh, emotional problems are something else. I've certainly needed the odd rescuer there.

Quest: Do you mean sexual situations?

Manager: I wish I did! No, I mean emotional situations. Other people's emotions. I've had two fairly intense relationships where I might easily have got married – I was living with each of the men. But they've both been over for almost two years now and I've no intention of getting involved in that way again – not for the foreseeable future. But I find it very difficult to make boyfriends understand that. I always thought it was men who were supposed to love 'em and leave 'em.

Quest: You *are* a very glamorous and attractive young woman.

Manager: Since we're being totally honest I've been to bed with several glamorous and attractive young men but I didn't go potty over each one. We were attracted to each other and because I didn't have any special ties, and I assumed they hadn't or they wouldn't be bothering, we decided to do something about it. Being out of love doesn't automatically shut off my sexual appetite. That sounds very pat but it took me a long time to come to terms with it. I think a lot more women would be happier if they did too.

Quest: Yet your sexual awareness still causes you problems?

Manager: It causes other people problems.

Quest: Can you give me an example?

Manager: The best example, or the worst, was quite soon after I broke up my last relationship. I'd just started a new job, not my present one. I was one of two deputies to the head of a PR department, also in beauty. My boss's name was Ian (name changed). He was very typical of men at that level in my business. Very smooth, very well dressed, mid-forties but no flab, very sharp and funny too. When I first saw him I thought, he's the sort who'd make you laugh in bed.

> 'Wearing nothing except a small towel I asked him to rub me with the oil. He just stood there, gaping'

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Manager: I thought he was attractive but he was also my new boss, which did not make it a good idea.

Quest: What about him?

Manager: Oh, he had a reputation for going after everything in knickers. He was always flirting. But that didn't mean a thing. In my experience it's the ones who keep quiet about it you have to watch.

Quest: Were there any like that there?

Manager: There was the other deputy, Jamie (name changed), who was my age, perhaps slightly younger. Technically he was under me. He was sweet, much too honest to do well in PR! But he wasn't anyone's idea of a Casanova. He was quite pretty, though. He used to go down well with the magazine ladies. I'm sure he enjoyed himself there. I always had the feeling he was a little bit in awe of me, which I found quite irritating actually.

Quest: But you did get sexually involved with Ian?

Manager: I went to bed with both of them, as a matter of fact.

Quest: How did that happen?

Manager: It happened because we all got summoned to a three-day sales conference in Greece – the company was based in Europe. And I think Ian wanted an extra perk. I'm sure he arranged for us to stay away from the main conference hotel. The official reason was a booking mix-up. But it meant that Ian, Jamie and I went to another hotel about half a mile away.

Quest: You *and* Jamie?

Manager: That *was* a mix-up, though Jamie ended up at the opposite end of the hotel. Ian's room and mine were next door with a connecting balcony.

Quest: How did you react to that?

Manager: I decided to seduce him. I was in a very odd frame of mind at the time. I was still upset after the break-up of my relationship and I did feel betrayed. I'm not saying I wanted to take revenge on men or anything grand like that. But I did feel the need to show I could play fast and loose too, especially with someone who was being as obvious as Ian. Also I felt quite frustrated. It's not easy to just shut off physically when you've been sleeping with someone for over two years.

Quest: What did you do?

Manager: I let Ian do it all at first. I'll give him full marks for being open about it. 'We'll have a chance to get to know each other,' he said. We were staying three nights and the first evening was a kind of informal welcome with a dinner at the conference hotel. Ian and I got involved with a group from head office, and as it got late I could see he was keen to get away. He kept hinting there were things we had to talk over for the next day. I really played him along quite badly, agreeing with him then finding something else to say to the others. Eventually we got a taxi, which was slightly unnecessary for the distance, but it gave Ian the chance for a kiss and cuddle in the back. We went up in the lift arm in arm and there was a final kiss at my door.

Quest: Final?

Manager: That's when I told him I had my period. We had the usual thing about him not minding but I insisted that I did. It took a while but eventually I got in and went straight to bed.

Quest: Had Ian been excited?

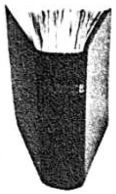
Manager: Oh, I had my hand in his lap in the taxi. There was certainly enough interest there.

Quest: Go on.

Manager: He stamped about a bit next door, and even knocked at the door but I pretended to be asleep. Then after he'd had his restless night I had him, when I wanted – or almost.

Quest: How do you mean?

Manager: It was brilliant sunlight very early. I got up and showered before I heard anything from next door. Then when there were signs of life I went out onto the balcony and



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started sunbathing on this towel-covered armchair they had there.

Quest: I assume you had a bikini.

Manager: I had one, but I wasn't wearing it. I put a small hand towel over my lap and stretched my feet out to rest on the edge of the balcony. We weren't overlooked in any way; only at the front which looked directly over the sea. And I shut my eyes and waited for Ian.

Quest: And he came?

Manager: Oh yes! I heard this soft sigh and 'Jesus!' I opened my eyes and Ian was standing there with a towel round his waist and drying his hair, gaping at me. I told him I thought I'd catch up on some sun before the day started. Then I asked him if my getting an all-over tan disturbed him.

Quest: Did it?

Manager: By the bulge in his towel it hadn't gone unnoticed. Then he said, 'Is this some kind of joke?' I said, 'I thought you might like to help me smooth on some oil. Oh, by the way, I seem to have been mistaken about my condition last night.'

> 'I stroked his back, down to his bottom and then, without a word, I reached in his pyjamas'

Quest: How did he respond when you told him that?

Manager: He jumped on me. Well, to be honest, he came over and put his hand on my breast. I think he still expected me to object but I just smiled. Then he said, 'You're a cow, you know that,' and bent down and kissed me, very deeply. He started to run his hands over me, round my breasts and then down into my lap, but it was difficult to do that bending over, so then we broke apart, and I began to get up. 'Oh no,' he said, 'I want you just the way you are.' I didn't know what he meant for a minute. Then he grinned and stepped between my legs and opened them, forcing me back and down into the armchair. He propped his arms against the sides and leaned into me. As he did his towel fell away and his cock sort of sprang up. Actually it was a rather nice one, all knobbly and brutal. He reached down and snatched my little towel away and then he pressed himself into me. I mean the length of his thing, all stiff and scalding along the line of my crack. And he began to slide it up and down, slowly at first, until it caught the tip of my clitoris and exposed it. And then faster when I cried out.

Quest: You enjoyed it?

Manager: It was bizarre, because he was literally almost crushing me, but the sensation in my pussy was fantastic. It felt like a kind of rape, but I wanted that. I didn't want him to be soft or loving to me.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Manager: He waited until my whole body was clenched, just seething on the very edge of my climax. I wanted to bite him! Then he hoisted me under my knees and bent them back and I watched him slide his great thick rod into me. I thought it would kill me but I seemed to melt round him. My insides were like soft butter. I think he only managed three or four strokes before he groaned and I felt him spurt inside me and that took me over the edge.

Quest: It sounds a highly satisfactory experience.

Manager: Oh, it was in terms of sex, but that only made it worse for me. I suppose, then, it brought back too many good memories. Afterwards I felt horribly vulnerable, and Ian was unbelievably nice. I just didn't expect that. I didn't want it. So I spent the rest of the day avoiding him and fastened on poor old Jamie. He'd only arrived that morning so I had an excuse to introduce him round. And of course we all ended the day in a big group in one of the hotel bars with Ian flashing me eye signals as it got later and later. I could see he was puzzled and getting annoyed. Then finally he got up and said he had to get back because he'd ordered a taxi. So I said quickly, 'It's alright. Jamie's promised to walk me back.'

Quest: How did Jamie react?

Manager: He looked pole-axed. He'd been a bit befuddled by the VIP treatment all day, but I knew he wouldn't want to upset me and he just nodded. Ian went off with a face like thunder.

Quest: So you stayed with Jamie?

Manager: I walked back to his room with him and he asked me in for a nightcap. He obviously knew something was wrong, but I talked as if it were a delayed reaction to my other relationship. I didn't mention Ian. In the end I had to ask if I could stay. It was quite funny, really. I don't think Jamie could decide if he was being seduced or not.

Quest: Was he?

Manager: We got into the same bed, very chastely, which isn't easy in a single, he in pyjamas and me in my slip. We lay there about half an hour and then I moved a leg, I think, and bumped my thigh against the front of his pyjamas. He nearly shot out of bed. He was like a flagpole. He started to mumble apologies. I didn't say a word. I reached out and stroked his back, moved down to his bottom, and slipped my hand into his pyjamas. Then I found him. He was trembling. It was odd. I thought he'd be smaller than Ian somehow but he felt just as big. I'm sure most men are more or less the same.

Quest: Did you make love?

Manager: I pulled back the sheet, twisted round, and licked him as softly and gently as I could in the dark. He tried to touch my breasts but then he started to shudder and gasp, and I quickly slipped the tip of his cock into my mouth and he came almost immediately.

Quest: You didn't have intercourse?

Manager: I'd had enough disasters for one trip. I just wanted to be nice to my rescuer; he deserved something. And he dozed off almost at once. I just slipped back to my room. I was lucky we were leaving the following evening. And I left the company the following month – for a better job. Work and sex do not mix – not unless you marry the majority shareholder. That's the kind of knight errant I would take seriously.

Quest: Thank you.

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ME

VIDEO

by Paul Alexander

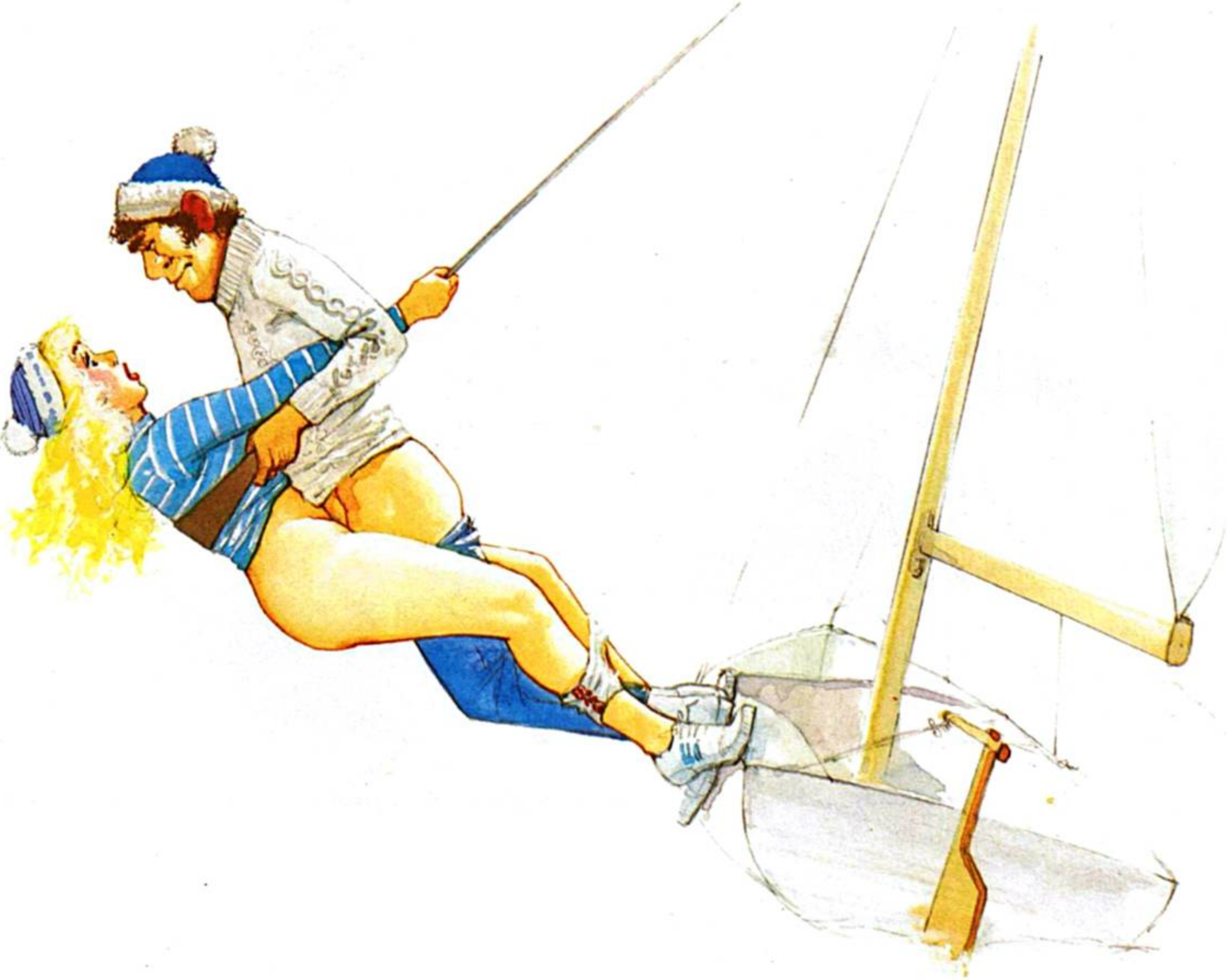
What could be the ultimate in erotic cinema? To photographer and director David Hamilton it is obviously the nubile nymphet. His Lolita this time is played by the exquisitely pert and pretty Dawn Dunlop in **Laura – Shadows of Summer** (X). The most vivid and lasting scenario he conjures up is of Laura and her ballet classmates showering and dressing after their exersions; each freeze-frame is a perfectly posed, if soft-focus, still life. Laura's mother (the delectable Maud Adams) takes nude shots of her 15-year-old so that her ex-lover can sculpt the girl from a safe distance. This plan fails, however, when the sculptor is blinded in an accident. Laura presents herself to him naked so he may finish his work of art by touch, but she too gains from this charitable act and 'blossoms into womanhood'. *Laura's* drawback is that the storyline is weak and slow, at times making you want to use fast-forward, but the images are ravishing. *1979, 1 hr 29 mins. Thorn-EMI.*

Pornography or art? A question which has no answer – everyone must decide for themselves. So it is with **Ai No Corrida** (X) which was hailed by the press as an erotic masterpiece. Sex there is, and plenty of it, often in vivid close-up with scenes of penetration and male organs. The film is based on a true story, for in 1936 a Japanese servant was found in Tokyo holding the severed penis of her lover and employer. This man had abandoned his wife to live a life of total sexual abandon with the maid. Once during their lovemaking the maid strangles her lover at the point of orgasm. Directed by Nagisa Oshima, *Ai No Corrida* stars Tatsuya Fuji and Eiko Matsuda. The nudity is constant, as is the sex: Matsuda displays herself to an old man and fingers him to show that he's past it. And the way that Fuji and his mistress go to work on an egg is unforgettable. Once done, he promptly eats it. When *Ai No Corrida* was released it failed to get a certificate, but it attracted massive critical acclaim. Judge for yourself. *1978, 1 hr 44 mins. Palace Video.*

One of the most enjoyable small-budget thrillers I've seen lately must be **Venom** (AA), directed by Piers Haggard. Snakes of any description give me the shivers at the best of times, but close-ups of the world's most deadly snake – the black mamba – slithering through air-conditioning ducts and leaping out at people had me spellbound and peeking through fingers placed over eyes at appropriate moments. Why I was attracted to the title, I'm not sure, but it's akin to visiting Regent's Park and spending the entire afternoon in the reptile house – exactly what happens when I go to the zoo. Sterling Hayden plays a retired game hunter and trouble starts when his grandson, who collects various creepy-crawlies, is given the mamba instead of a harmless pet in a mix-up. All this coincides with a plot by chauffeur Oliver Reed, maid Susan George and German terrorist Klaus Kinski to kidnap and hold to ransom the grandson. Things go wrong when the snake mistake is discovered and police arrive to warn the boy about the contents of his package. The baddies think the game's up and start blasting away. The snake escapes, and despatches them one by one while the police lay siege to the house. *1980, 1 hr 29 mins. Thorn-EMI.*

Stella Stevens is the **Las Vegas Lady** (AA) of the title in this amiable heist movie. She heads an all-girl team set to rob a Vegas casino of a million dollars. Along the way she renews her acquaintance with tough ex-cop (Stuart Whitman) and her accomplices fall foul of the sadistic casino boss. It's all good fun, if rather tame, although Stella's low-cut dresses may give you something to think about. *1975, 1 hr 27 mins. Films International.*

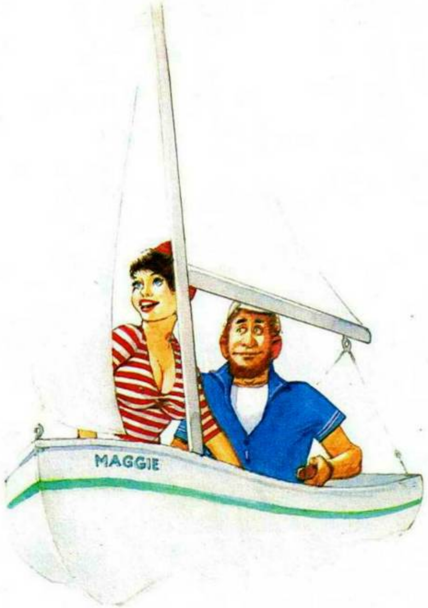
Danny Jones (X) is the curious tale of a Welsh farmer's son, and his first fling with private schoolgirl, Angie. Len Jones is the boy, Frank Finlay plays his possessive father with Jane Carr as the girl prepared to bare all to win his love, even though she tortures herself about her lack of beauty. It's all rather implausible, especially her streaks around the school's empty corridors with only one other young lady visible. *1971, 1 hr 27 mins. Films International.*



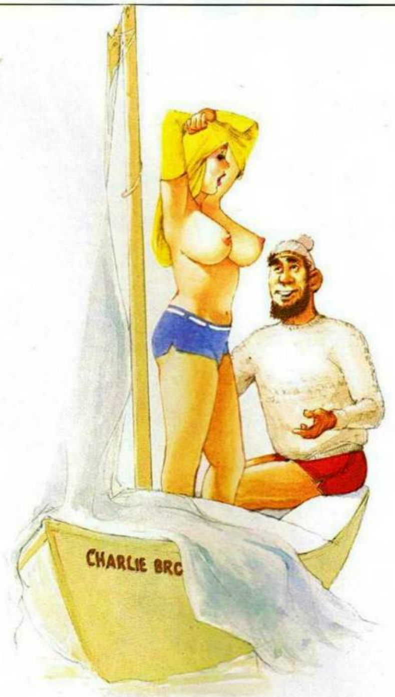
'Shouldn't someone be steering the boat, Mr Dobson?'

FUN BETWEEN THE SHEETS

Sailing can be an exhilarating
sport. Cartoonist Brian Forbes discovers lots of
ways to enjoy messing about in boats

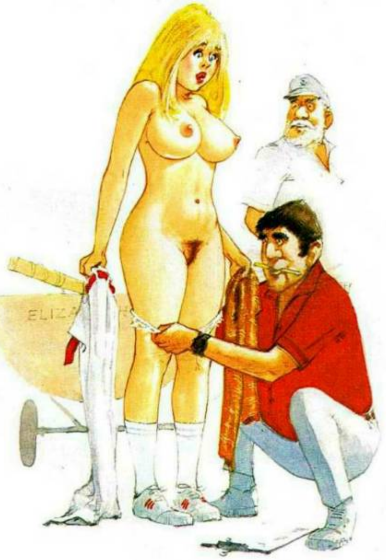


'I've got a hold of the tiller, Rodney . . .'

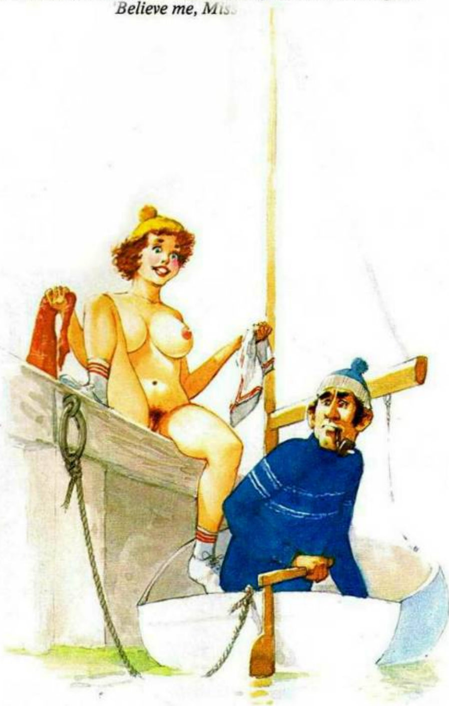


'Believe me, Miss Robson, yellow is the recognised distress signal.'

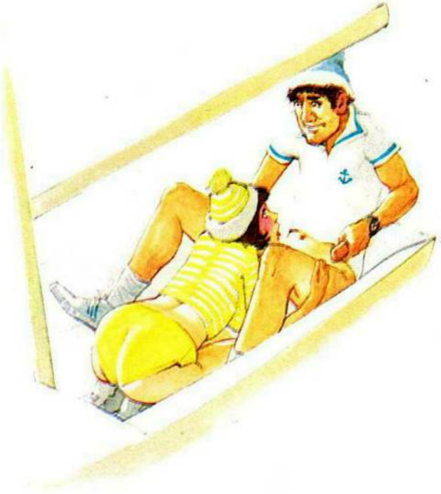
Believe me, Mis



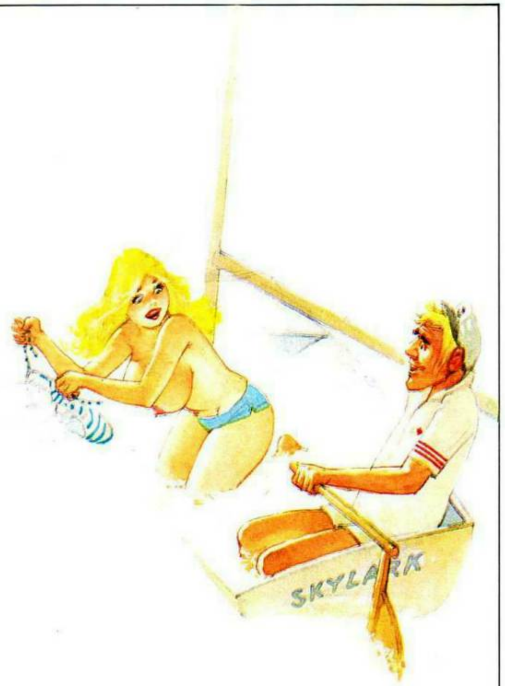
'Isn't this carrying the pre-race equipment check a bit far, Captain?'



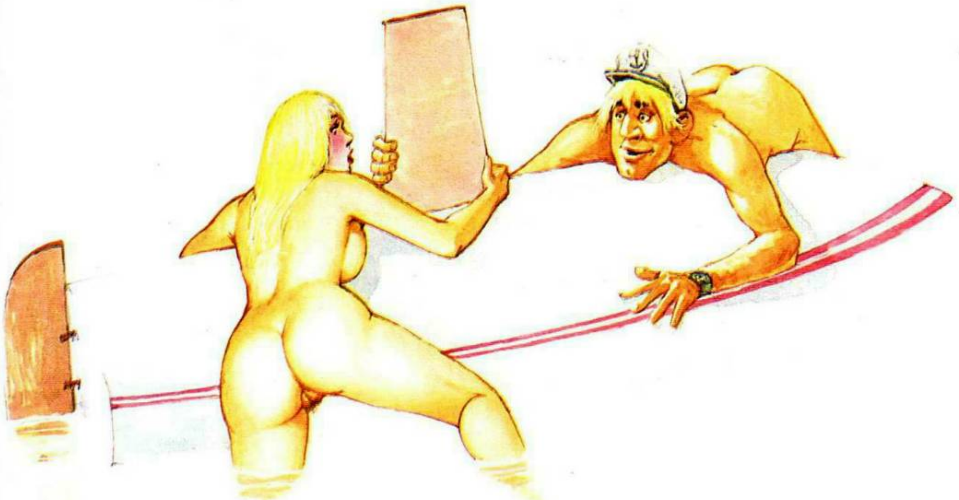
'I've cast off both ends, Charles, now what?'



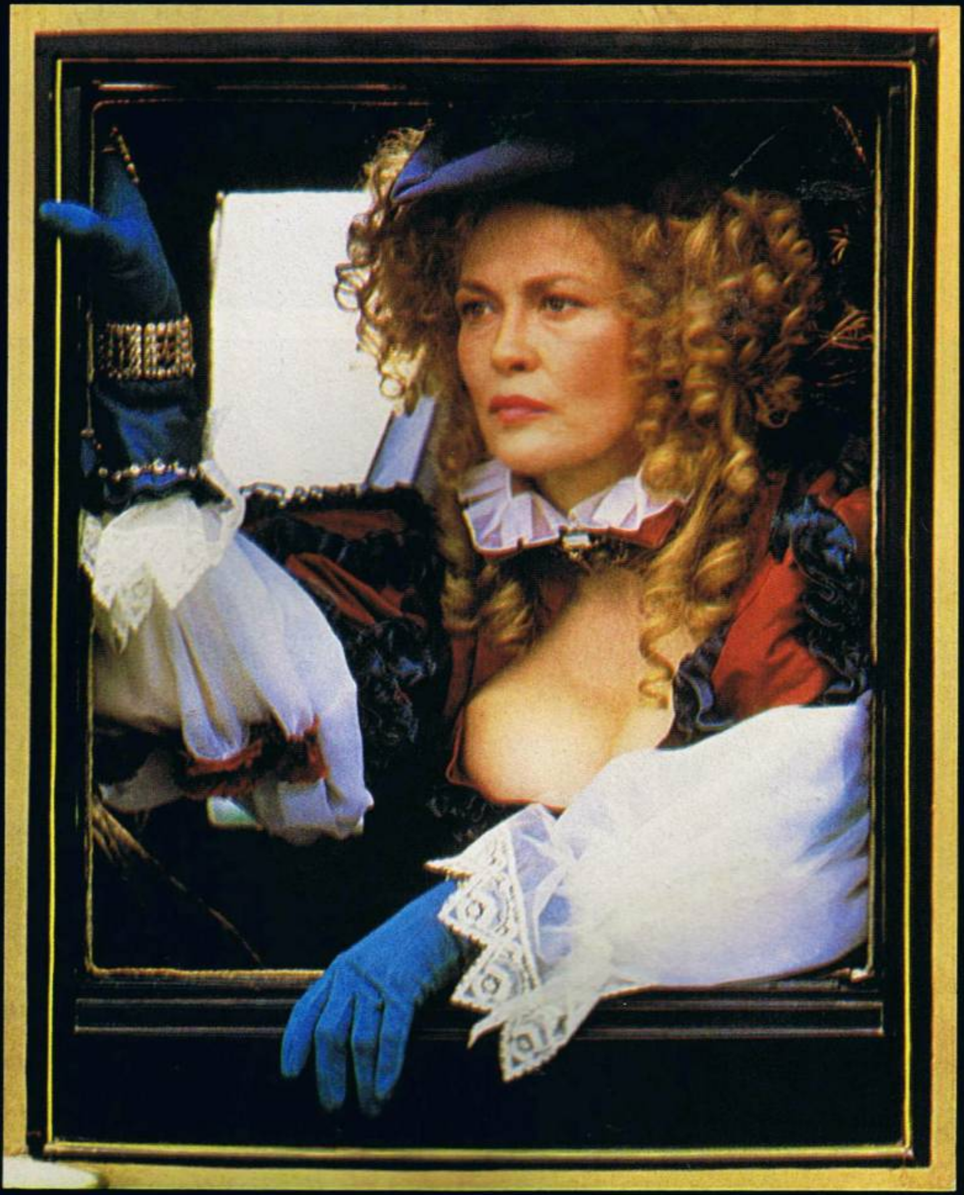
'Are you sure this is what sailors mean by lowering your head to avoid the boom?'



'I think it's time you said, "Abandon Ship," Andrew.'



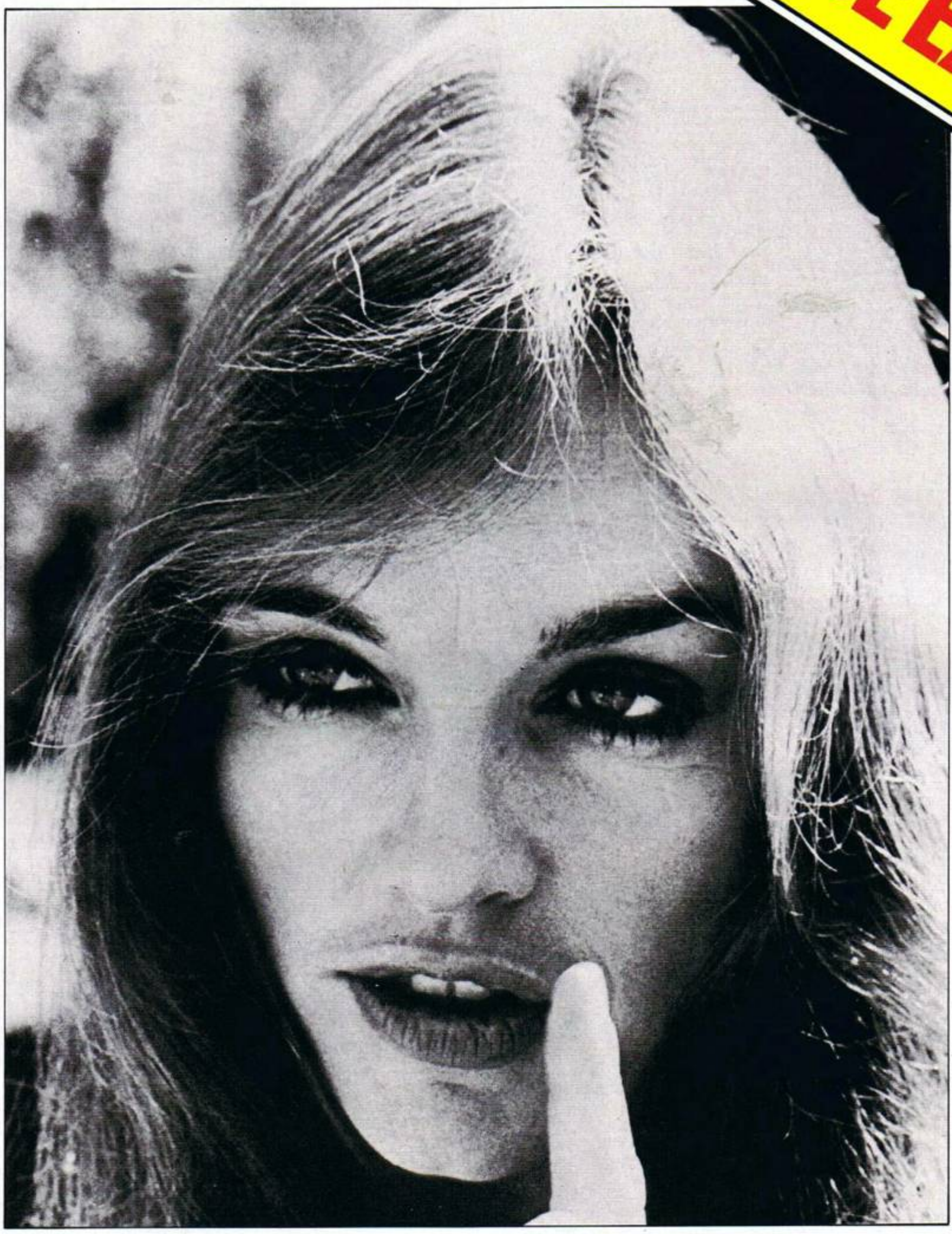
'The race? Hell, let's continue where we left off, Daphne!'



The Wicked Lady –she rides again!

The Wicked Lady caused a sensation in 1945. Now top English director Michael Winner's lusty remake looks set to be this year's most controversial film

BRITISH NUDE EXCLUSIVE

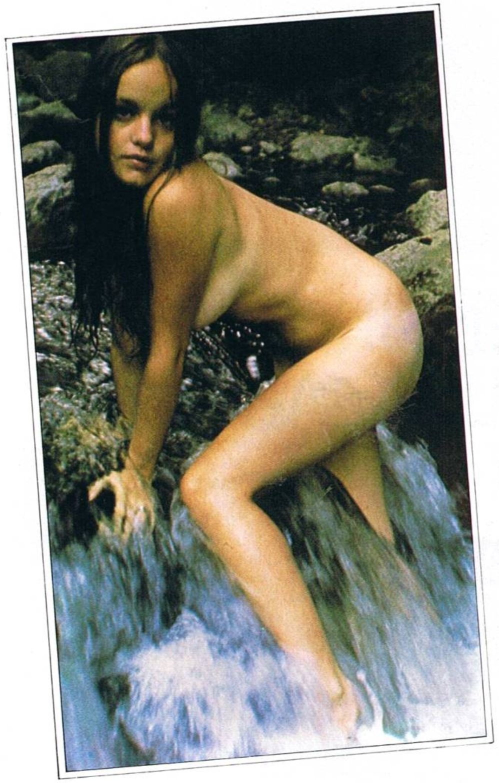


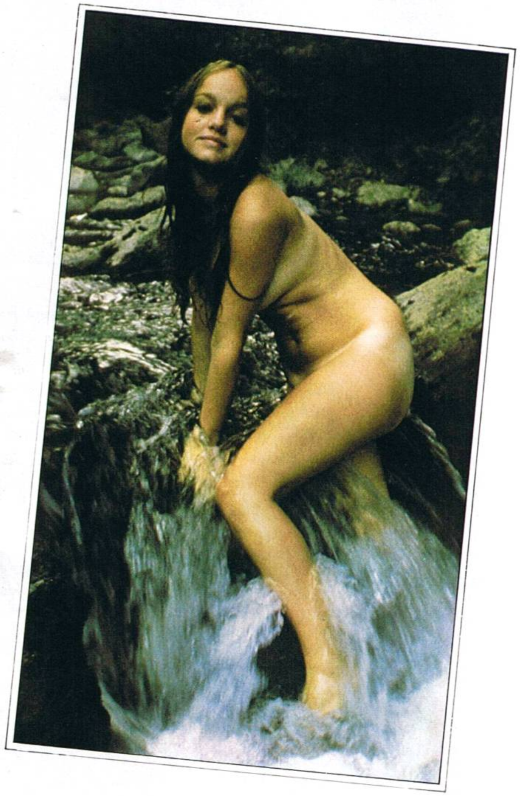
PRESENTING PAMELA SUE MARTIN THE DYNASTY STAR STRIPPED

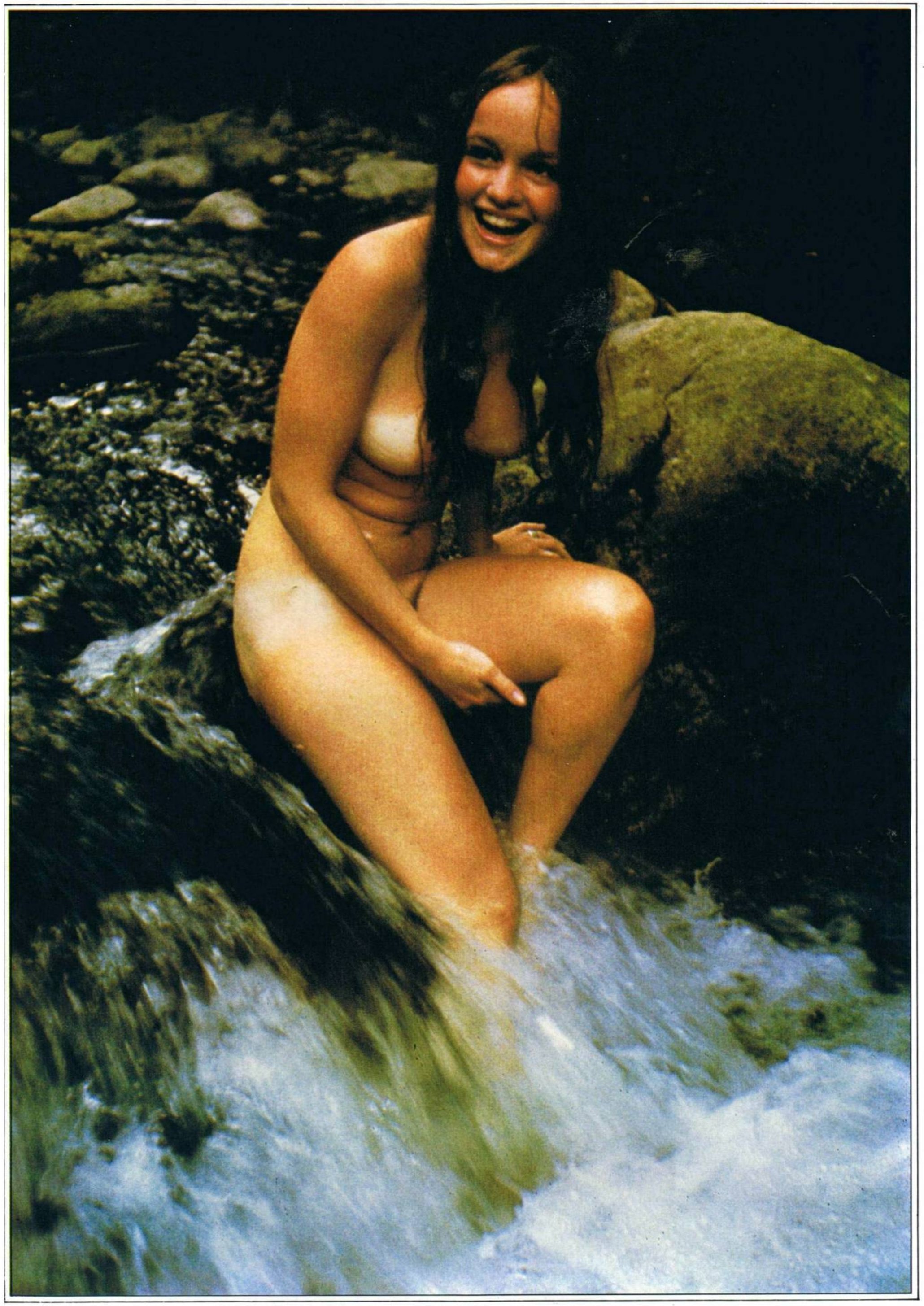
When *Dynasty*, the saga of the oil-rich Carrington family, came to US television screens, it proved an instant hit. It was scheduled at peak time in direct competition to that other wealthy family epic *Dallas*. After one series, it had knocked the adventures of the Ewing family from top slot and become America's most popular series. And when you look at the stunning beauty of young *Dynasty* star, Pamela Sue Martin, it is hardly surprising.

Pamela plays the sensual Fallon Colby Carrington, daughter of the scheming Alexis, played by Joan Collins. Until recently, her father was thought to be Blake Carrington but in character with the provocative series, it's now been revealed that she was in fact the result of one of Alexis' affairs. Not that Fallon herself is quite as virtuous as her innocent looks might make you imagine. She

Left to right: Fallon (Pamela Sue Martin), Jeff Colby (John James), and Alexis (Joan Collins).

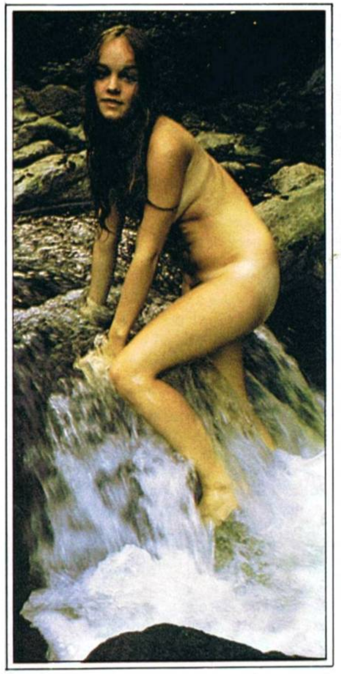






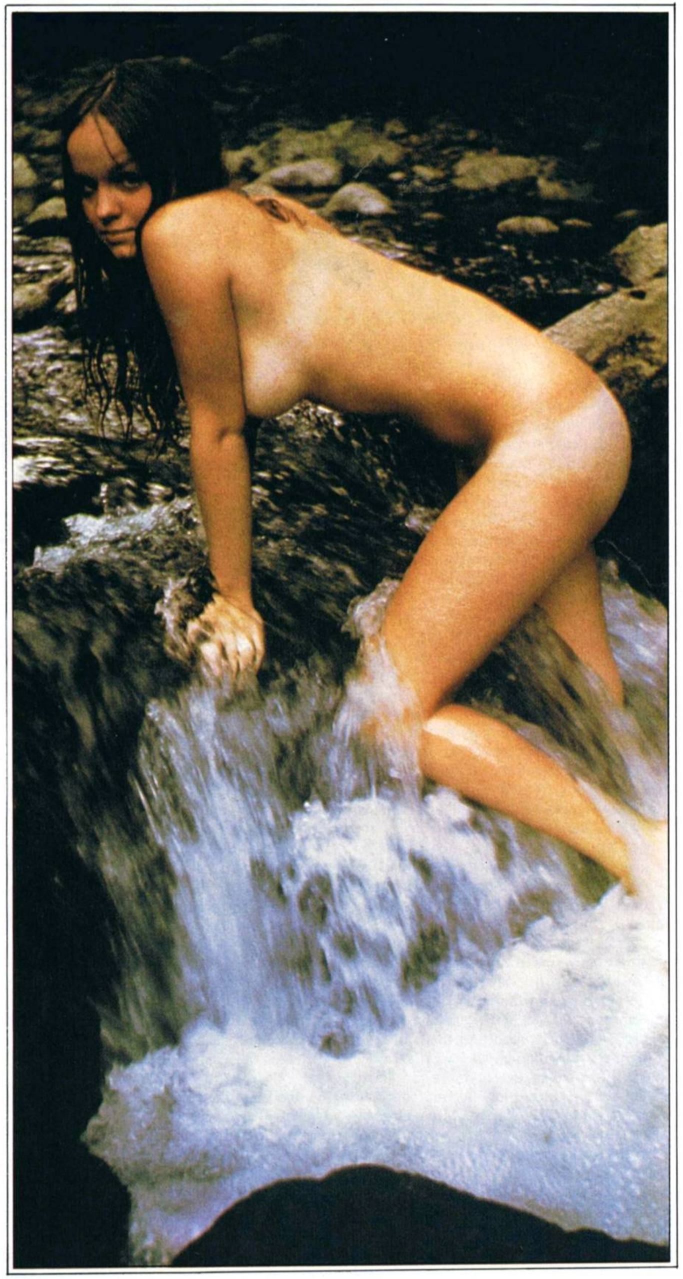
has had quite a few turbulent affairs herself, despite being married to the handsome Jeff Colby, played by John James.

All of which has made pretty 29-year-old Pamela Sue something of a superstar in the States, and with the show's growing popularity in Britain (it has over eight million viewers), she is fast becoming well-known here as well. But that was far from being the case when these pictures were taken some years ago. She was working as a fashion and cosmetics model at the time and had been photographed many times by Mark Slade in that capacity. 'She thought doing a nude set fun,' he said, and Mark was happy to shoot the scene. The result was these charming pictures taken in this delightful waterfall setting in Connecticut. 'She was very pleased with the set,' he claimed. 'She was a natural model.'



Certainly her beauty was enough to win her the star-role in *Dynasty* and her eight million fans will be tuning in to BBC 1 on Saturday night.

Sadly, although, in the character of 'Fallon,' she may well end up in bed with one of the other characters from the series, we won't be privileged in seeing as much of her as we have in these British nude exclusive pictures.



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A man walked into an antique shop to enquire about the price of an old desk.
'I would never part with that desk, sir,' replied the proprietor. 'It's magic.'
'Rubbish,' replied the customer, 'there's no such thing as a magic desk.'
'Oh yes there is,' said the shop owner. 'Just watch this. Desk, how much money have I got in my pocket?' At this point the top drawer of the desk moved in and out five times. The proprietor emptied his pockets and sure enough he had exactly five pounds.
'You can't expect me to believe that,' countered the customer. 'You could easily have fixed it. Ask it how much money I have in my wallet.' At this, the drawer slid in and out 12 times and when the customer came to look, sure enough, he had £12 inside. The man was astounded but decided to give the desk one final test.
'Right,' he asked, 'how much money has my wife got?' In and out the drawers went for over two hours until it came to the grand total of £5,286.
'But that's ridiculous,' cried the customer, 'my wife doesn't even have a job.' Then turning to the desk, he asked, 'How ever could she have got hold of so much money?' With a mighty crash, the drawers fell down and the legs flew apart.

A 55-year-old executive from Brighton was made redundant after nearly 40 years with the same firm. Going to the local job centre he was told there were no vacancies, especially for somebody his age. Rather depressed by his plight, he walked along the beach. As he looked up, he noticed a seagull hovering over his head.
'Go on, seagull, why don't you?' he said. 'Everybody else has.'

What is the most successful oral contraceptive?
'No'.

Overheard from two men walking through Westminster.
'You know, I have half a mind to enter politics.'
'Well, that's all you need,' came the reply.

The Chelsea Pensioners' parade and presentation to a member of the Royal family was fast approaching. One Pensioner claimed that he was particularly keen to meet the Royal guest. So prior to the Saturday inspection he went to great trouble to polish his shoes and buttons until they shone, and ironed razor-sharp creases into his uniform. All so that the Royal personage would talk to him.
Alas, at the parade, the Royal guest went straight past him, despite his immaculate appearance. The Pensioner was very upset, especially when the visitor walked over to a tramp amongst the spectators and spoke to him instead.
The eager Pensioner then had an idea. As the inspection continued, he went over to the tramp and offered him a fiver to swap clothes. Naturally the tramp was delighted and the OAP returned to the ranks in rags, looking somewhat out of place. But at least, he thought, he would soon be talking to Royalty.
As the guest moved closer and closer to him, his heart pounded, and when he stopped immediately level with the Pensioner's face, the OAP was bursting with pride. The Royal visitor stared at him for some time, eyeing his apparel, then barked: 'I've already told you once – piss off.'

A learned botanic tome defines a tree as being a large item of vegetation that stands for up to 100 years and then leaps out in front of your car after a good party.

Sitting in a bar in Birmingham, an artist, a sculptor and an architect were having a pint and discussing designs for the next shopping precinct. Later on, the subject changed to women and the architect said, 'You know, only an architect could have created women. They have such a functional design.'
'No, you're wrong,' replied the artist. 'It must have been an artist. Just look at those delicate curves and flowing lines.'
'You're both wrong,' said the sculptor looking up from his pint, 'it was a sculptor. Only a sculptor could give her such a smooth texture and fine finish.'
The three of them bickered this way for some time until suddenly the artist said, 'No, on second thoughts, woman could only have been created by an architect – a Birmingham architect at that.'
'Why do you say that?' demanded the sculptor.
'Well, who else would put a toilet slap-bang in the middle of a playing field.'

An oft buggered Cockney called Carse
Was rogered by ten in his class.
He said with a yawn,
'Now the novelty's gawn,
It's only a pain in the arse.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

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continued from page 10

chopping away at the black girl's shield until there is practically none left. But her own shield is getting so heavy that she can barely hold it up for any length of time. So their only protection is their swords. Clarissa moves in for another lunge but Druscilla parries and thrusts back angrily. With an injured arm, Clarissa needs a quick victory, but it isn't to be. Suddenly with a piteous howl, she takes the negress's blade full in the abdomen. She tosses her head, flexes her shoulders and sinks to her knees, impaled, arching her back in hopeless arabesques. With calculated brutality, the negress turns the blade inside her and the blonde groans. Then she pulls it out and Clarissa collapses, writhing in the hot sand like a dying fish.

'The Consul knows his mistress is finished. He regrets the timing of her end but not its magnificent manner, after such a fine performance. Druscilla steps forward. The blonde kicks in disbelief but with a single blow the African severs her head. With one foot on the torso, she held the trophy aloft. The new victor will have her predecessor's head mounted as a goblet and will be able to make love on her tawny hide.'

Strong stuff eh? I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed reading your story.

G Strades, Paris

I am not normally a *Sun* reader (more of a *Telegraph* man, actually) but when I picked up a copy on the train and saw Samantha Fox, my heart leapt. Any chance of you featuring her in your excellent publication?

J Lowe, Clay Cross

Samantha's appearance in The Sun *sparked off a great response from readers who would like her to appear in* Mayfair. *Sadly, at the present moment having only just left school and embarked on a modelling career, she is unwilling to do nude shots. However, we'd love to welcome her 34C–23–31 figure on to our cover anytime.*

After reading factual and fictional articles in your magazine, I have recently started reflecting on my own sexual practices (or rather lack of them) and offer the following as a warning to young married or co-habiting couples. Never get into a sexual routine. Sexual activity after the birth of our two children has become very predictable and I have set out a timetable of what happens about twice a month.

1) After deciding that she fancies a bit, my wife removes her pyjama trousers and complains about how cold the bed is on her legs and backside.
2) I turn towards her and start kissing her on the mouth.
3) When the kissing responses become quite passionate, I undo her pyjama jacket and start fondling breasts. I have to listen out for speed of breathing to increase, showing that she is getting worked up.
4) Start playing with nipples between finger and thumb. Then suck and nibble.
5) Heavy breathing and panting starts – a good sign.
6) Run left hand down over stomach to between her legs to play with her crack. Legs will suddenly open wide exposing fanny and sweaty buttocks.
7) Play with outside, then insert two fingers into fanny and start churning. As panting increases, insert little finger tip into anus and start to twiddle.
8) When fanny is very wet and muscles beginning to squeeze, withdraw fingers and insert penis. After a short while her legs come around my waist.
9) We climax.
10) Hand her a handkerchief with which she wipes up. She replaces her trousers, does up the jacket and goes to sleep.

Any deviation from this turns her off.

I did in one mad moment of passion give her bare backside a slap or two. All that happened was that she smacked my face.

(Name and address withheld)

So much for the 'Ten Commandments of Love'

One letter in Vol 18 No 3 poses the question whether there are other people who enjoy playing the sort of harmless love games they described. The answer is yes. You may enjoy your nurse and patient game, but my girlfriend and I have played plenty of different ones and loved every minute.

We first discovered that we both got a kick out of this unusual form of acting soon after we started going out with each other. One day I invited her to dinner at my flat, and had set up

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continued from page 110

girl and asking if she was okay (it was quite a rough crossing and I feared she might be feeling a trifle *mal de mer*). She swung around on me and wrapped her arms around my neck. 'Isn't it great to be away from dry land,' she whispered. I disentangled her from my neck, lest the captain might see, and said something like, 'You enjoy sea travel then?' 'You bet,' she said and I felt her hands running down my back to my bottom. I was beginning to feel the effect she was having, so I thought it best to depart. But I haven't always been that well behaved.

Once in my earlier days when I was working on one of the longer ferry routes, which was sometimes done overnight, I had an extremely pleasant time with a young lady who was suffering from the familiar home-sickness. Even then I could spot it a mile off. She was watching the shore disappear even in the cold darkness and as it was about 11.30pm I asked if she wouldn't be better in the lounge. She smiled and said yes, so I showed her to the bar. Later that night, after she had had a couple of drinks, she came up to me and whispered, 'Can you tell me where I can find cabin 102?' An innocent enough question and so I showed her the way. When I saw her setting off in the wrong direction, I called her and took her to the cabin myself. At the cabin door, I could sense that she was feeling that isolation you so correctly described in *Quest*. I gave her the key and her hand held mine as she took it. She fumbled with the lock for a few seconds, so I helped her again. Once inside I showed her the facilities she had available and as I turned to leave, her arms went around me. 'They won't miss you for a couple of minutes will they?' I protested strongly but the combination of her perfume and a pair of large breasts heaving in a loose-fitting top was very tempting. Soon she was kissing me, smothering me in lipstick and I tried to break away to give some sort of pretence of marine decorum. But it was no good, she was all over me again in seconds, this time pulling me onto the bed.

Her top had come open in the fall and I was being entranced by the sight of two gorgeous pink globes. 'I'm glad you like them,' she said suddenly. 'Not bad for 34, are they?' She was still holding me tightly, pushing my head into them and soon the aroma of her perfume and the feel of that smooth skin on my face was becoming too much. I was growing to enormous proportions inside my trousers. She obviously felt it because her hand moved down there and began to rub me through my trousers. After nuzzling her breasts for a time I decided that there would be no escape so I started to kiss her boobs, which I slipped out of her bra. She gasped and responded by taking my cock out and stroking it gently. I moved my face down her tummy until it reached her skirt. Undoing it I came face to face with some very hot, damp knickers. There was no turning back now. Rolling them down I buried my face in her damp pubes, my tongue poking into her. Her grip on my member got harder and she had worked her way into my shirt and was biting my chest when suddenly she said, 'Make me, please. I need you to.'

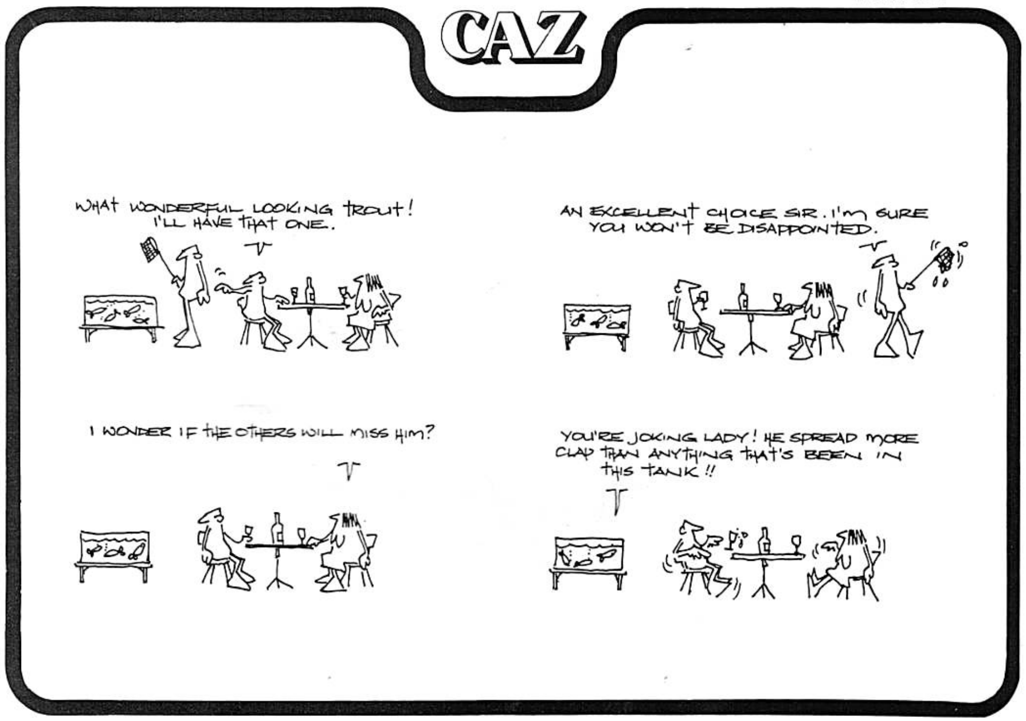
Taking customer service at its most literal, I moved up as she guided me into her wet fanny. It slipped in with no difficulty and I was soon pounding away, watching those breasts swaying with the motion until I climaxed. She yelled as she orgasmed then held me tight, just saying, 'Thank you, thank you, thank you,' breathlessly. I recaptured my breath as quickly as I could and felt the starchy officialdom returning. I did up my trousers and started to straighten my clothes, I even said, 'If that will be all, madam,' as I went out, convinced that it was written all over me that I had just been fucking a lady passenger.

Some weeks later, talking to another purser, he said that something similar had happened to him, and that there is a very definite way that women seem to behave on boats. No wonder the QE2 is so expensive – four weeks of that! I don't think I would have the stamina to work on that.

(Name and address withheld)

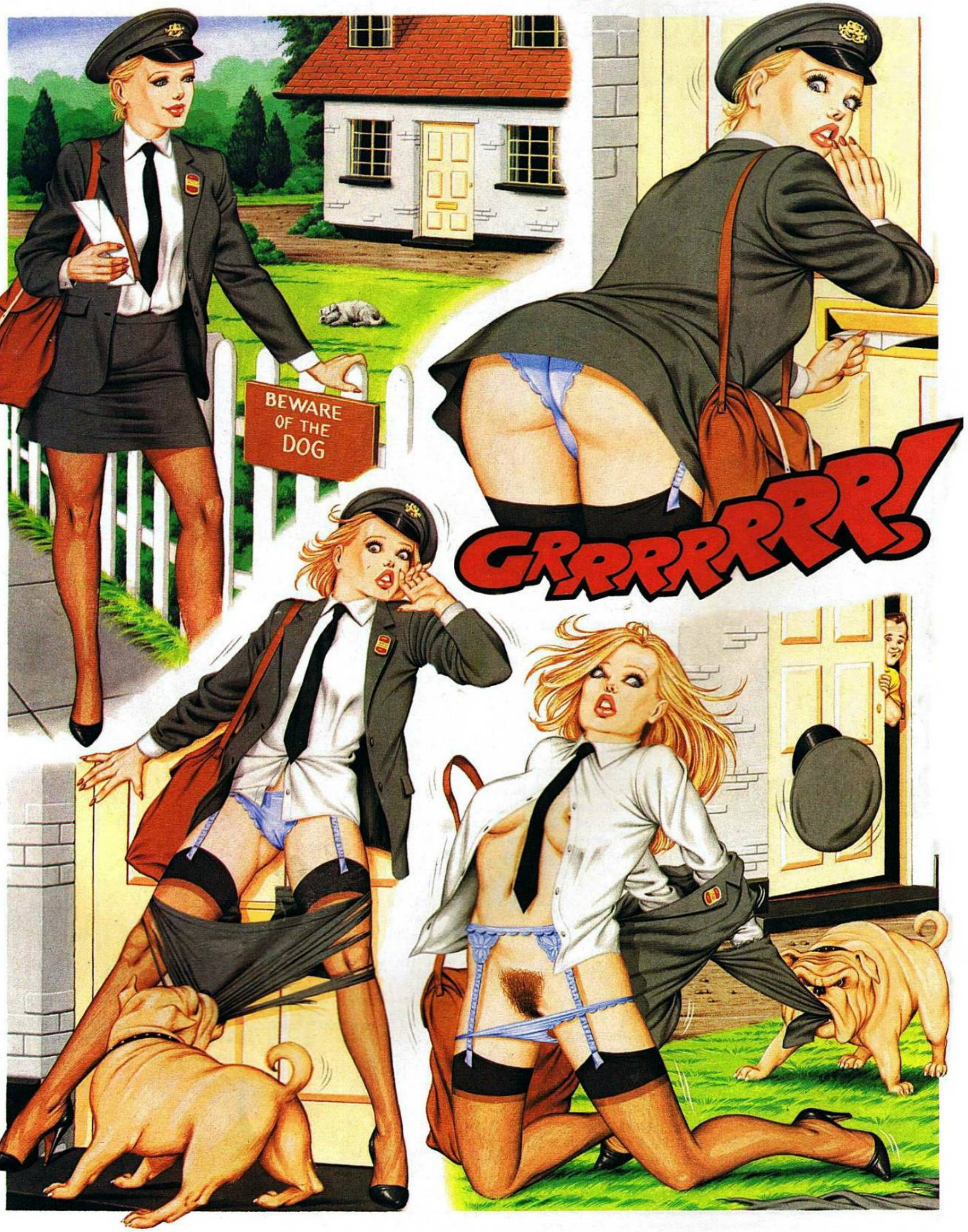
Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

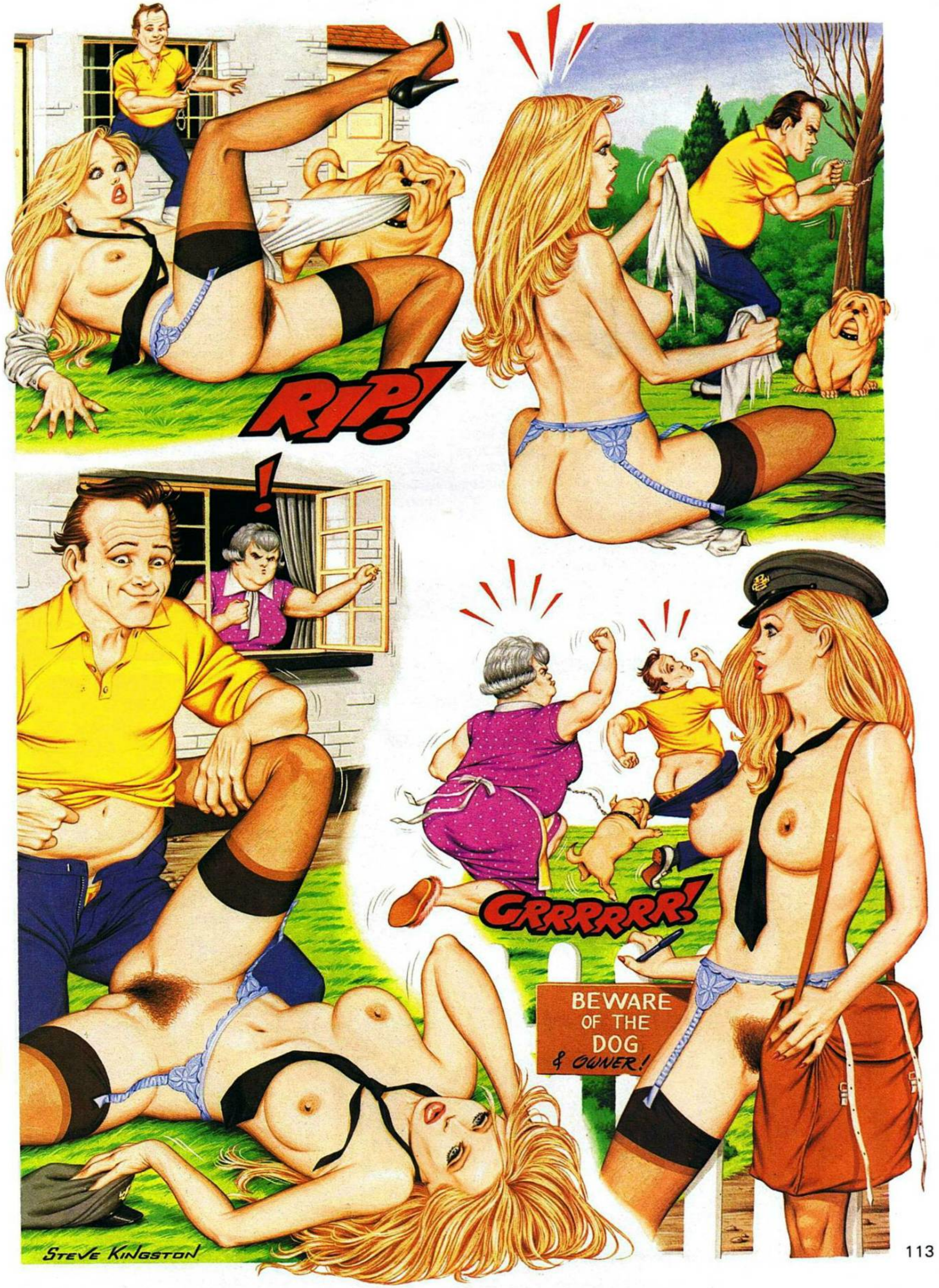
CAZ


WHAT WONDERFUL LOOKING TROUT! I'LL HAVE THAT ONE.
AN EXCELLENT CHOICE SIR. I'M SURE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.
I WONDER IF THE OTHERS WILL MISS HIM?
YOU'RE JOKING LADY! HE SPREAD MORE CLAP THAN ANYTHING THAT'S BEEN IN THIS TANK!!

CARRIE

Post-girl Carrie, dogged by disaster, re-directs the male


BEWARE OF THE DOG
GRRRRRRR!


RIP!
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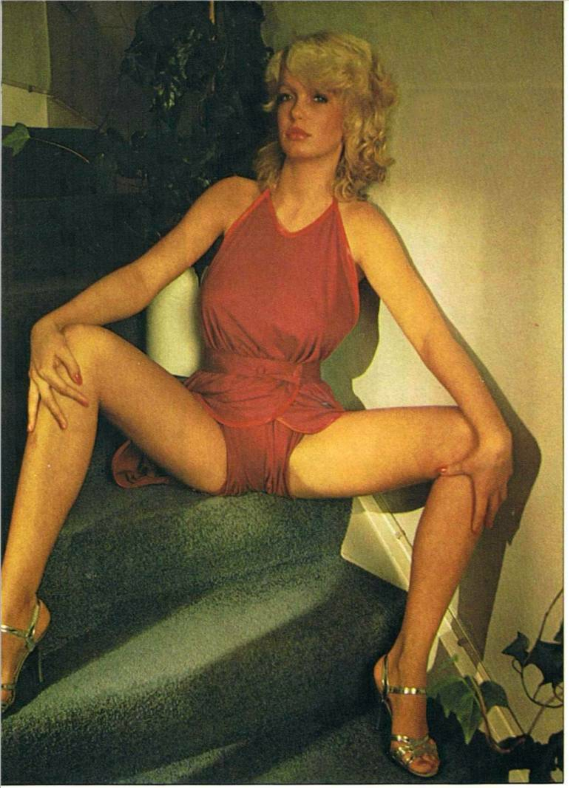
GRRRRRR!
BEWARE OF THE DOG & OWNER!
STEVE KINGSTON



Our photographers travel thoughout the world in their search to bring you pictures of the sexiest girls from every corner of civilization, whether it be the tropical jungles of South America, like Fatima in Vol 18 No 3, or the snowy lands of Scandinavia. That's where Michael Ancher discovered stunning Danish beauty, Carina Jensen, this month's centre-girl. He met her at a fashion fair in Copenhagen and snapped her up for her first nude session.